

-THREE-PENCE-

The LUDGATE MONTHLY



Contributions
BY
J. ZANGWILL,
F. E. WEATHERLY,
J. A. O'SHEA,
etc., etc.,
and Song by
S. J. Adair-Fitzgerald.

73 ILLUSTRATIONS



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December, 1891.



FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the Decay of the Teeth.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Removes all Traces of Tobacco Smoke.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS & DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER

Put up in Glass Jars, Price 1s.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Ltd.,
33, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, Proprietors.

ACTON & BORMAN'S

SPECIALITIES:

"PROTECTOR" KNIFE POLISH,

IN 3d. PACKETS. AND 6d. 1s. 2s. 6d. TINS EVERYWHERE.

"ROYAL LUSTRE" BLACK LEAD

IN PACKETS, 1d. & 2d. ONE TRIAL SOLICITED.

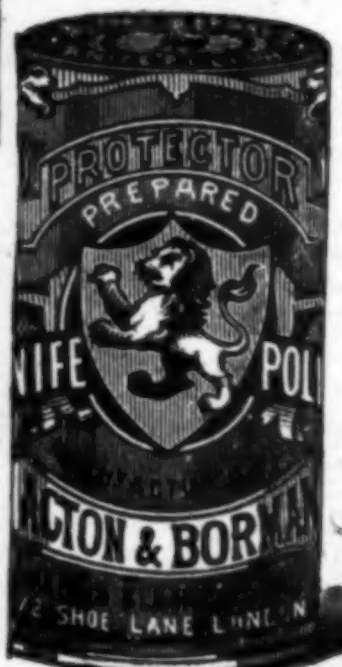
"GENUINE" EMERY-EMERY AND GLASS CLOTHS.

"ROYAL PATENT" FLEXIBLE GLASS PAPER.

BLOCK BLACK LEADS, KNIFE BOARDS, &c.

72, SHOE LANE, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1781.



**ACTON'S
"ROYAL LUSTRE"
BLACK LEAD.**

A LASTING & BRILLIANT POLISH
PRODUCED IMMEDIATELY
WITHOUT WASTE OR DUST.
IN 1d., 2d., & 4d. PACKETS. EVERYWHERE.
72, SHOE LANE, LONDON.

**ACTON'S
"PROTECTOR"
KNIFE POLISH.**

A SILVER SURFACE PRODUCED
IMMEDIATELY ON CUTLERY,
WITHOUT WEAR, FRICTION OR DUST.
TINS 3d. 6d. 1/- & 2/6 EACH.
DEPOT. 72, SHOE LANE, LONDON.

Miss JESSIE BOND'S LETTER to Mr. HARNESS

Testifying to the MARVELLOUS CURATIVE EFFICACY of his ELECTROPATHIC TREATMENT:

12. AVONMORE ROAD
WEST KENSINGTON

Friday

Dear Mr. Harness
I think it only right
I should tell you how
much I feel I have
benefited by your
careful & intelligent
treatment & endorsement
at the Electropathic &
Zander Institute -
I was in the best

low state of health
when I put myself
into your hands & since
eight weeks since
I was as good as new
I feel with great sympathy
I was glad to continue
my work at the Savoy
Theatre - even under
the best medical

advice. I have never
I think been stronger
or felt better than I
do at present & I am
enjoying playing &
dancing again.
I am, Sir,
Very sincerely,
Yours truly,
Jessie Bond
President
The Electropathic & Zander Institute
52, Oxford St. London, W.

CONSULTATIONS FREE.

PAMPHLETS FREE.

MR. C. B. HARNESS, the President of the Institute, and the other Officers of the Company, may be consulted free of charge on all matters relating to Health, and the application of Curative Electricity. Call or write at once to the

MEDICAL BATTERY Co., Ltd.,
52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

A WONDERFUL CASE.

MR. J. E. TAYLOR, 13, Sutton Street, Holloway Road, Birmingham, writes, March 2nd, 1891:—"I have commenced wearing my new Electropathic Belt, and am much pleased with it. My previous one I wore daily for two years, during which time I travelled through America, British Columbia, Japan, China, East Indies, and South Africa, and as I have worn it when performing on the stage at night, it has had some rough usage at times, and considering the intense heat of the climates I have been in, I think it has lasted wonderfully well. When I first began wearing the **ELECTROPATHIC BELT**, in December, 1885, I was suffering from Renal Calculi, Nervous Exhaustion, and Dyspepsia. I took it in sheer desperation, hoping that it might do me some good, but not having much faith in it, and in about three weeks time I found that I could run upstairs; hitherto I had crawled up, holding on to the banisters. I then began to give it a fair trial. I gave up taking medicine of any description, and trusted entirely to my Belt, and now, at the age of 61, I am a strong, hearty man, suffering from neither ache or pain, and able to eat and digest anything. I dare say you have a great many Testimonials in regard to their excellence, but if a word from me is of any utility, you can make any use of my letter you think fit.

All in search of health should follow this gentleman's example, and procure one of these world-famed health appliances, and wear it regularly. One thousand recent original Testimonials may be seen at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W., where Mr. C. B. HARNESS (President), and the Medical Battery Company's other officers may be consulted without charge, either personally or by letter. Those who cannot call should write at once. Pamphlet and Book of Testimonials.



NEARSIGHTED SPORTSMAN: Now, isn't that irritating! Shot my last cartridge away, and it isn't a rabbit after all!

READ THIS FACT.

94, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12, 1889.

"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings on paper, but I should like to thank you, for your lozenges have done wonders for me in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and unlike him, thank God, I am still alive and getting on well) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital for abduct, or paralysis of the vocal chords, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; indeed it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus also, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty."

Mr. T. Keating.

I am, Sir, yours truly.

J. HILL.

MEDICAL NOTE.

The above speaks for itself. From strict inquiry it appears that the benefit from using Keating's Cough Lozenges is understated. The operation was a specially severe one, and was performed by the specialist, Dr. H. T. Butlin, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Since the operation, the only means of relief is the use of these Lozenges. So successful are they that one affords immediate benefit, although from the nature of the case the throat irritation is intense. Mr. Hill kindly allows any reference to be made to him.

THE UTTERLY UNRIVALLED REMEDY FOR COUGHS, HOARSENESS AND THROAT TROUBLES.

*"Keating's Cough Lozenges" are sold everywhere, in Tins, 1/1½ and 2/9 each.
Free by Post, 15 Stamps.*

THOS. KEATING, CHEMIST, LONDON.



TO GET RID OF
Worms in Children,
USE
KEATING'S
WORM TABLETS.

A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT, both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable method of administering the only Certain Remedy for **INTESTINAL** or **THREAD WORMS**. It is a perfectly Safe and Mild Preparation, and is especially adapted for Children.

Sold in Tins, 1/1½ each, by all Chemists (free by post 15 stamps).

THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, Bride Lane, London.



UNINTENTIONAL COURTESY.

RUPERT: How kind Egbert is to scratch that poor strange dog's ear!

WILFRED: Why, my dear boy, Eggie's legs are so long that he thinks he's scratching himself.



FOOTBALL PLAYERS

Send a Post-card to

A. W. GAMAGE

(THE "ATHLETES' PROVIDER")

For his Price List of Goods for Season 1891 & 1892.

A slight perusal will convince them that it is the Cheapest House in the Trade.

WONDERFUL VALUE. COMPARE PRICES.

SPECIAL LINES in JERSEYS and all ACCESSORIES required by FOOTBALLISTS and RUNNING MEN.

Flannellette Harlequin Shirts 2s. 11d. | Knickers from - - - 1s. 4d.
Flannel do. - - - 5s. 9d. | Do. Navy Serge - - - 2s. 0d.

SOLID HIDE FOOTBALLS | FOOTBALL BOOTS, 6/11

Match size from 4/10. | Ankle Protectors, 7/11.

Footballs, Shin Guards, Sashes, Belts and Caps.

Secretaries of Clubs should now write in.

PATRONISED BY THE LEADING CLUBS.

126 & 129, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

GRAND CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Amusement for the whole Winter.

2s. READ THIS AND WONDER! 2s.

OUR MARVELLOUS TWO SHILLING MONSTER "PRESENTATION," PACKET.

IN order to introduce our New Catalogue, we will send to every reader of "The Ludgate Monthly" the following GIGANTIC PRESENTATION PARCEL, which is guaranteed to contain everything mentioned in the following list, viz.:—The Great Steeplechase Game, with Horses, Jockeys, and Tee-to-tum for playing; Draught-board and complete set of Men, Sixteen Pictures of Remarkable Men, the New and Wonderful Ever-changing Pictures of Faries and Imps, causing hours of uproarious merriment; the complete Set of Cards for the Royal Game of Mother Goose, and full instructions for playing; a splendid Puff and Dart complete, with Coloured Target, enabling you to shoot a dart forty feet, for drawing-room or outdoor exercise; the marvellous "Oracle of Delhi," or complete fortune-teller for young ladies and gentlemen, depicting the future and causes endless amusement. The Magic Head, a really wonderful trick complete. The Master's Wonderful Spectacles, most enjoyable for parties. The Hornpipe Dancer, Magic Donkey and Giraffe, for drawing-room and evening parties, most amusing to young children. The Italian Nondescript or Jumping Jester, mechanical figure in full working order. The New Saloon Gun, will fire a shot fifty feet; for the drawing-room or outdoor sport, complete with ammunition. A Complete and Laughable Comic Pantomime, consisting of stage, curtain, and twenty-two scenes, with instructions for working and dialogue. This itself is worth all the money. The Most Extraordinary and Scientific Toy, entitled "The New Fire Top," which gives a marvellous pyrotechnic display, guaranteed harmless, and should be shown in a dark room; with complete set of pyrotechnics. The Wizard's Dream Tablets, which being placed under your pillow at night, infallibly reveals the meaning of your dreams. Splendid for lovers, sweethearts, young and old, worth 2s. Numerous Clever and Amusing Picture Puzzles, causing much instructive entertainment. Complete Set of Age-telling Tablets, by which you may find out anybody's age, or how much money they have got about them, &c. The Eclipse Box of Science, containing 25 Wonderful Experiments in Chemistry, Electricity, &c. How to Engrave on Metals, with ingredients and chemicals. The walking Card, a marvellous trick. The Electric Jumping Frog. The wonderful Magic Changing Card, as used by Professor Anderson. The Extraordinary Automatic Face, with animated nose; gloriously funny. The Young Conjuror, including over 30 complete tricks for the drawing-room or platform, amongst which are the great Egg and Bag Trick. To Turn a Box of Seeds into a Living Bird, the Dancing Ball, the Menagerie in a Hat, &c., &c.

The whole of the above marvellous compendium will be sent on receipt of Postal Order for 2s., and 3d. extra for carriage. Two parcels 4s., carriage free. Everybody sending for two parcels will be presented with a beautiful "Chrystophine" Gold Payer Knife and Bookmark, beautifully chased, and fit for a prince.

Note our Address—

Z. CAMERON, WILSON & CO.,
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ECONOMICAL GUNNING.

HAMMERLOCHS: Gom, Ikey, bay addentions!

IKEX: Vat you vand?

HAMMERLOCHS: Go pick der shot oud ohf dot bird unt ve loat up fer anudder.

A GOOD HEAD OF HAIR



Is a charming and necessary addition to every person, no matter in what rank of Society they are in. How to get and keep it has often puzzled many, and the nostrums so largely advertised now, only tend to make them disgusted after use. **BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS** has been before the public in America for over 100 years, and, to-day, has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind in the world. There is not a civilised country where it cannot be found, not through advertising, but simply by recommendation from those who have tried and approved of it. With regular use

**IT IS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to
MAKE THE HAIR THICK, LUXURIANT, AND GLOSSY.**

TO PREVENT THE HAIR FALLING OUT.

TO REMOVE DANDRIF AND SCURF.

**IT WILL PREVENT AND CURE
BALDNESS,**

THE HAIR GETTING THIN,

ALL SCALP DISEASES.



TO REACH THE COLOSSAL SALES

OF 3,000 BOTTLES PER DAY, the Preparation must have some merit, and if further proof were required to certify to this, it is only necessary to say that scores of testimonials have been received from every country under the sun.



Prof. Barry's Tricopherous was not a discovery of chance, but the result of long and laborious scientific investigation. He began at the beginning and worked up step by step until he accurately ascertained the component parts of the hair structure. This enabled him to compound a chemical equivalent, which, if applied to the scalp according to directions will not only prevent the hair from falling out, but will, when it has fallen out, supply with mathematical exactness, that with which nature at first fostered its growth, and thereby cause it again to sprout up and grow with just as much certainty as that seeds cast into the ground will, in due time, produce a crop of their kind.

From the COUNTESS of ELGIN.

Government House, Quebec.

To PROFESSOR BARRY.

DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by the Countess of Elgin, now in Scotland, to request you to send her, per Canada Express, four boxes of your Barry's Tricopherous for the Hair; with the view of its being sent to England with the Earl of Elgin's other effects. As his Lordship's stay here may be short, please forward it at your earliest convenience. Lady Elgin also desires me to enquire if you have an agent in Britain for the sale of your Tricopherous, as her Ladyship and family connections highly approve of it.

I am, DEAR SIR, &c.,

AL. MCEWAN,

Secretary to his Excellency the Earl of Elgin.

TO ENSURE ITS HAVING A FAIR TRIAL

We are prepared to send, post free, to everyone cutting out and forwarding the Coupon at foot, within two months from this date, a 3/- Bottle for 2/-, or 3 bottles for 5/9, on receipt of Stamps or Postal Order. Nothing can be fairer than this offer, and we are equally confident that having once used it no lady will have any other.



This Coupon entitles holder to one 3/- bottle of BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS, post-free for 2/-, providing it is received within two months of this date—December, 1891.

"THE BARCLAY COMPANY," 15, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.

"THE BARCLAY COMPANY," 15, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

W. DRAKE & CO.'S PERFECT SHIRT.



Superior Long Cloth and Fine
Irish Linen, 4-fold
4/6 each,
OR
6 for 26/-.



This is a well-known marvel in point of value, being equal to and more comfortable in fit than any high-priced shirt.

Sample in Show-cases at most Railway Stations. Length of Sleeve and Size of Collar and that is necessary to ensure a perfect fit.

The PERFECT SHIRT is now worn in every part of the habitable globe, and can be had in different styles, as under:—

The LINCOLN, with wide front and for one stud, and round wrists for dress; stud or button at back of neck.

The BROOKLYN, with wide front and for one stud, and narrow wrists and stud-hole for cuff.

The LUDGATE, for three front studs and usual wrists.

Open at back or front, for ordinary wear.

The TEMPLE, with wide front and for one stud, and square wrists for dress.

Open at back or front.

The CIRCUS, for three front studs and narrow wrists, and stud-hole for cuff.

Open at back or front, for business wear.

The MONARCH, with wide front and for three studs, and square wrists for dress.

Open at back or front.

The COURT, with stud-hole at back in place of button.

The BRITON, as the Temple, but cut for short arms.

The DEFIANCE, with wide front and for three front studs, and deep round wrists for dress.

The ALLIANCE, with Pique Front and cuffs.

The ADAPTABLE, for three studs and usual wrists, but cut for short arms.

Open at back or front.

Send P.O. 4s. 6d. for Sample Shirt.

SHIRTS REFRONTED, WRISTS and COLLAR banded, 3s., ready for use. Extra quality.

W. DRAKE & CO.,

SHIRT AND COLLAR MAKERS,

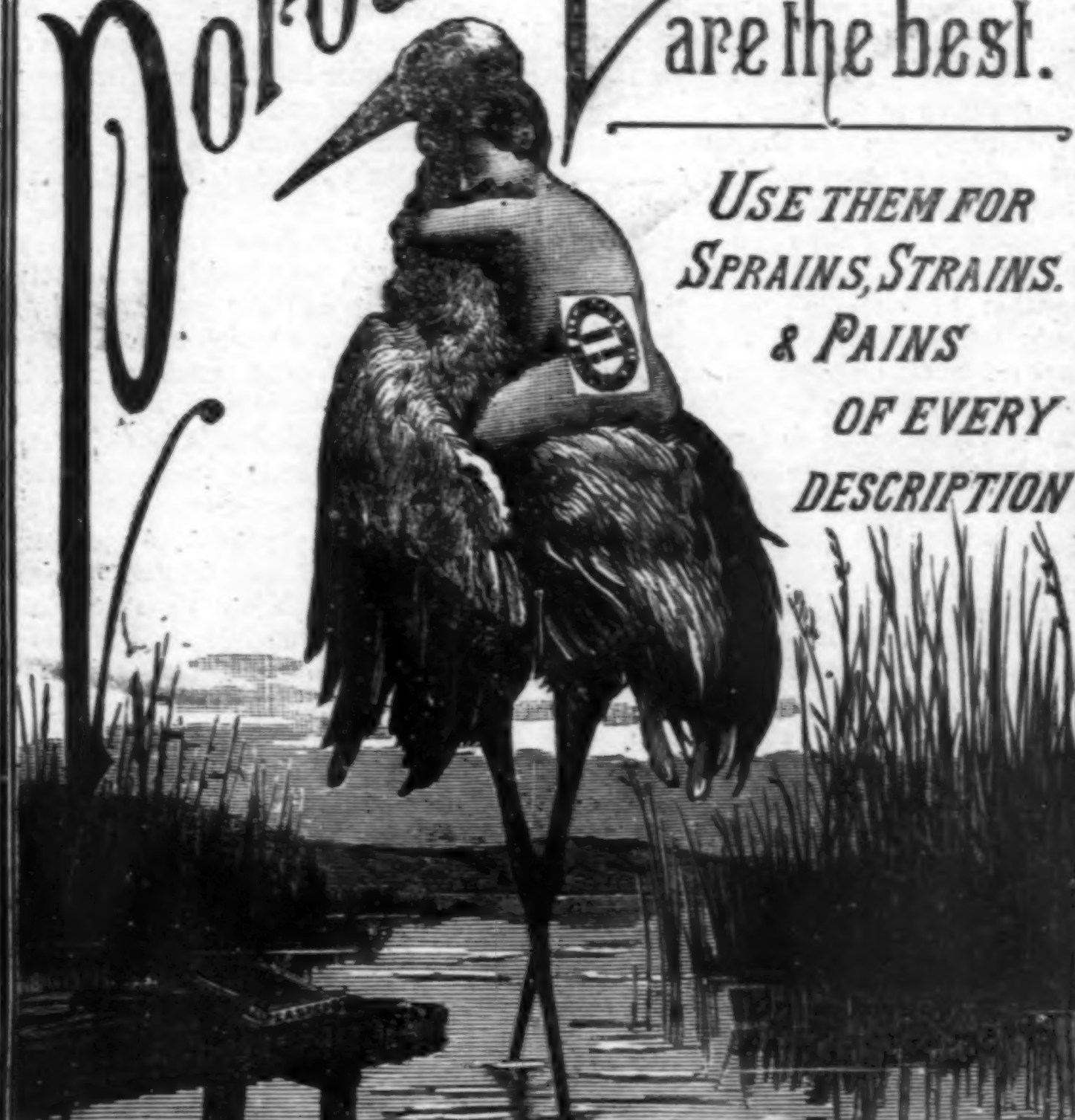
43, New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, & Bridge House, 181, Queen Victoria St.,
E.C.

THE APPROVED REMEDY
OF THE AGE

Alcock's Plasters

are the best.

USE THEM FOR
SPRAINS, STRAINS.
& PAINS
OF EVERY
DESCRIPTION



BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS & COLDS

The Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE says:—

“We have found them a very breast-plate against
Coughs, Colds, &c.”

COLDS AND CHILLS.

THEIR INFLUENCE ON THE BLOOD.

Decomposition of Waste Matters in the Blood, by giving birth to both animal and vegetable life in its most minute forms, as often originates from a chill or congestion as from any other cause. The chill may pass away, but the disease germ or acid is too frequently left behind, and does a deal of mischief.

Moreover it may be taken as an axiom that in the blood of every one of us there are sleeping germs of disease, which only waken to life under certain unhealthy conditions favourable to them, but hurtful to us. A cold or chill frequently wakens an old disease, or a hereditary tendency to a specific complaint, by causing certain unhealthy changes and decomposition in the blood.

It may seem strange that the same primary cause may originate many seemingly different complaints, but, nevertheless, it is so. No two persons are exactly alike in constitutions; every person has some special tendency or predisposition to one or more particular complaints. This may be the result of hereditary tendency, climatic surroundings—either now or in earlier life—diet, previous illnesses, &c. The broad fact remains, however, that originating in the blood, they must be treated by a medicine dealing with the circulation. • For this purpose there is no remedy so really valuable and yet so simple and safe as “Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets.”

It is sometimes difficult to understand why a seemingly so simple remedy as “Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets” can do so much real good. In essence the reason is that they sap a complaint by degrees and little, day by day, expel a portion of the seed and germ, or acid of the disease. And so gently is this done that it is almost imperceptible, except by the patient’s gradually improving condition.

“Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets” carry an antiseptic purifying power into the blood where it is most needed. And there is no other medicine that has the same double power of purification and expulsion in the same degree as “Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets.”

It is as if, in a garden full of weeds, they first pulled up the weeds by the roots, and then gathered them together and destroyed them, lest the weeds might take root again.

The safety and virtue of “Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets” are further demonstrated by their action in persons suffering from constipation, or of constipated habit of body. The usual pills and cathartic medicine excite an undue performance of peristaltic force, in other words, cause a spasmodic increase of the vermicular or wormlike writhings of the intestines, by which nature expels food refuse. But nature resents shocks, so that afterwards the action becomes more inert than before, and the complaint returns and needs the constant resort to purgatives to effect what is required.

“Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets,” on the other hand, are a gentle laxative acting by tonic power in the blood-vessels. They do not excite force, they merely enable the natural functions to do their own work by relieving the blood vessels which control the vermicular action of clogged matters and impurities which impair their usefulness.

“Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets,” on the other hand, neither create piles nor intensify the constipation—they relieve and benefit both. They are not, however, a purgative; they won’t act in three or four hours in the violent manner to which you have been accustomed after using strong pills, and which you have thought to be good, but which, in reality, make the complaint worse. But gradually “Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets” will put matters right, and will not injure any function whatever, and this applies as much to women and children as to men. Moreover, they will in the worst cases do great good, and are the safest and pleasantest of all preventive remedies for the army of those whose sedentary habits of life or business methods predispose them to constipated habits of body. Most dwellers in cities need the occasional aid of a gentle aperient, and in “Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets” is to be found the safest and best of all.

TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE.

Samples of “Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets” will be sent gratis and post free, on application to Frazer’s Tablets, Limited, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C. Write your name and address clearly and legibly, and name the “*Ludgate Monthly*.”

“Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets” are put up in packets, price 1s. 1½d. (post free 1s. 3d.), and are for sale by most chemists and medicine vendors. Every packet bears our name and address, and has a Government medicine stamp affixed. “Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets” are pleasing to the eye, pleasant to the taste, and are guaranteed safe and pure. In health they keep the blood pure, ensure a good complexion, and ward off disease. In sickness they mitigate suffering, and have great curative efficacy.

MAPPIN & WEBB,

Sole Manufacturers of

PRINCE'S PLATE,

The best substitute for Sterling Silver.

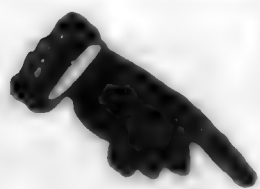
25 YEARS WEAR GUARANTEED.

Price Lists and Catalogues Post Free on Application.

18 to 22, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.,

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ROYAL PLATE AND CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.



This preparation is guaranteed to contain no injurious ingredients, and therefore may be used with perfect safety. It is beautifully perfumed and is sure to give satisfaction. **BARRY'S PEARL CREAM** is most efficacious in softening the skin and preventing its chapping, and in removing irritation arising from changes of weather. Be sure the name "BARCLAY & CO., New York" is on every bottle.

FIELDS

OZOKERIT

CANDLES



"Come and be washed, Toto."

"No, no, no! It's unhealthy for me; and—besides, I am not dirty enough yet!"

J. C. & J. FIELD, Ltd., LAMBETH, S.E.

THE FAULKNER DIAMOND (REGD.)



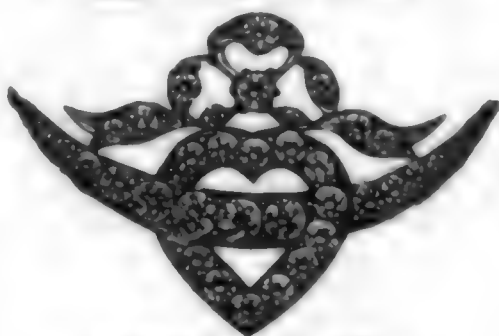
Earrings, 21s. pair.



Scarf Pin set
in Gold, 10s.,
with Stud,
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ROSE

Price, 30s. 1
Any Name to Order.



New Brooch, 25s.
Great Variety in Stock.



Pin and Stud,
21s.



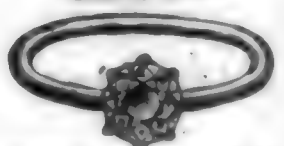
Gold, 25s.



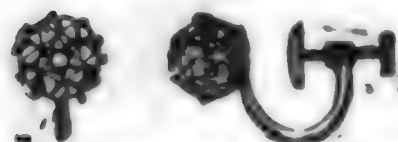
Gold, 21s.



Gold, 25s.



GOLD BANGLE RING 7s. 6s



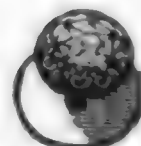
The Ears do not require
Piercing for these Ear-
rings, 25s. pair.



Collar Stud,
Gold, 12s.



Brooch, 10s. 6d.



Gold, 8s.

The FAULKNER DIAMOND, being a hard Crystal, will stand any amount of wear, is most beautifully cut and faceted by the first lapidaries of the day. The purity and dark rich fire of these stones are unsurpassable, and infinitely superior to many expensive real gems of inferior quality. The great reputation of the FAULKNER DIAMOND is now well known all over the world. The stones are set in gold and silver by most experienced setters, and can be mounted side by side with the finest brilliants. They are patronised for Court and all great occasions. Thousands of testimonials can be seen from all parts of the world. The public are cordially invited to inspect the marvellous selection now on view, which we guarantee will surpass most sanguine expectations.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE. AWARDED THREE GOLD MEDALS.

OUR EXTENSIVE WORKSHOPS ARE NOW IN DIRECT COMMUNICATION WITH THE REGENT STREET PREMISES.

ARTHUR FAULKNER, {TWO DOORS FROM} 167 & 90, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
BURLINGTON ST.

IN THE PRESS—WILL BE READY 2nd DECEMBER.

The "Ludgate Monthly" Christmas Annual,

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED. A HALF-CROWN NOVEL FOR THREE-PENCE.

Price 3d.

Will consist of a complete Novel, beautifully illustrated, entitled—

"THE WOFUL STORY OF Mr. WOBBLEY, COMEDIAN,"

By HENRY HERMAN,

Author of "Eagle Joe," "Scarlet Fortune," "A Leading Lady," "For Old Virginia," "Between the Whiffs,"
"Time's Whirligig." Joint Author of "The Silver King," "Claudian," &c., &c.

"THE WOFUL STORY OF MR. WOBBLEY, COMEDIAN," is one of the best tales Mr. Herman has written. It is full of humorous, yet exciting, incidents well told; and the author carries the reader with him right through to the finish. It is essentially a Christmas story, and the plot deals with one of the topics of the day—Spiritualism—in a most vivid and readable manner. We predict a very large sale for the story.

With the Christmas Annual will be GIVEN FREE a charming

COLOURED PLATE,

being a reproduction of a Picture specially purchased for this purpose by The "LUDGATE MONTHLY," LIMITED, from the celebrated artist **A. J. ELSLEY** (Exhibitor at the Royal Academy).

ORDERS should be sent in to your Booksellers early to prevent disappointment, as only a certain number will be printed, and if further quantities are required, the price will have to be increased.

"THE LUDGATE LIBRARY."

THE Proprietors of The "LUDGATE MONTHLY," Limited, are issuing the first volume of a series of new and original Novels, from the pens of the most popular authors of the day, printed in clear type, copiously illustrated by the best artists, and well bound, at the popular price of One Shilling.

Apart from the fact that each of these forthcoming works will bear the name of a distinguished novelist, no trouble or expense will be spared to render the series in every way the most marvellous shilling's worth ever offered to the public.

No. 1. Now Ready.

THE LOST DIAMONDS

A Tale of Plots and Passions, by

FLORENCE MARRYAT AND CHARLES OGILVIE.

224 pages. Crown 8vo, in cloth cover. *Copiously Illustrated.*

PRICE ONE SHILLING (OR POST FREE 1s. 2d.).

The "Ludgate Monthly."

VOLUME I.

(May to October, 1891.) 448 pages, Super Royal 8vo., Bound in Cloth, bevelled-edged Covers and gilt edges, is Now Ready.

Can be obtained at all Booksellers and Bookstalls.

Price 3/6 (or Post Free 3/9.)

This handsome Volume contains original articles and stories by some of our most illustrious living writers, and each article or story is copiously illustrated by eminent artists.

The book is bound in the best manner, and is very suitable for Xmas or New Year's presentation, making a really handsome Volume, full of beautiful illustrations and literary matter of highest excellence.

THE "LUDGATE MONTHLY," LIMITED, 4 & 5, CREED LANE, LONDON, E.C.



ADAPTING HIMSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

MURPHY: Is it a Barney's Circus yure givin us?

DRISCOLL (coming down): It's not. Th' chrazy fool av a morthar-boss pit th' ladder ag'in th' buildin' upside down.



A PROMISING YOUTH.

FATHER: Vat for you get sooch a big hat?

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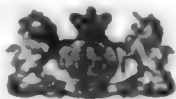
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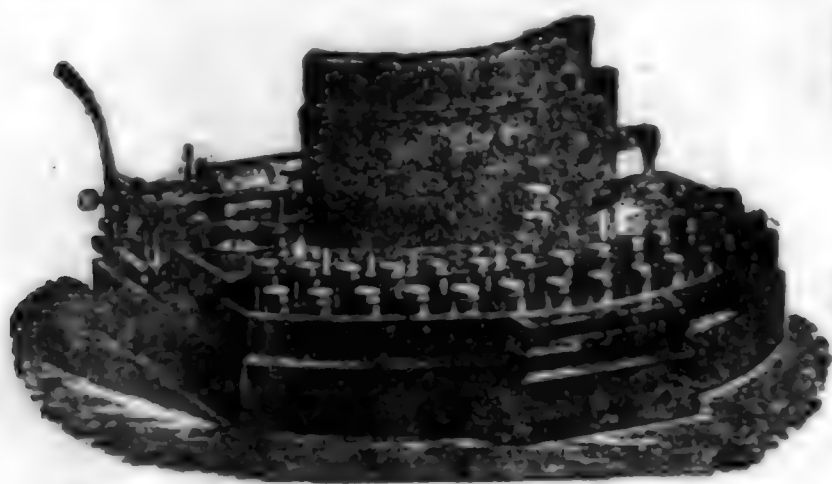
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FRANK REDHILL HELD LUCY'S LITTLE HAND IN HIS.



THE PRINCIPAL BOY:


A TRAGEDY

BY I. ZANGWILL

AUTHOR OF
THE BACHELORS' CLUB.

WITH
BLANKS

ACT I.



To sit out a play is a bore; to sit out a dance demands less patience. Even when you do it merely to prevent your partner dancing with you, it is the less disagreeable alternative. But it sometimes makes you giddier than galoping. Frank Redhill, lost his head—a well-built head—completely through indulging in it; and without the head to look after it, the heart soon goes. He held Lucy's little hand in his hot clasp. She wished he would get himself gloves large enough not to split at the thumbs, and felt quite affectionate towards the dear, untidy boy. As a woman almost out of her teens, she could permit herself a motherly feeling for a lad who had but just attained his majority. The little thing looked very sweet in a demure dress of nun's veiling, which Frank would have described as "white robes." For he was only an undergraduate. Some undergraduates are past masters in the science and art of woman; but Frank was not in that set. Nor did he herd with the athletic, who drift mainly into the unpaid magistracy, nor with the worldly, who usually go in for the church. He was a reading man. Only he did not stick to the curriculum, but fed himself on the conceits of the poets, and thirsted to redeem mankind. So he got a second-class. But this is anticipating. Perhaps Lucy had been anticipating, too. At any rate she went through the scene as admirably as if she had rehearsed for it. And yet it was presumably the first time she had been asked to say: "I love you"—that wonderful little phrase, so easy to say and so hard to believe. Still, Lucy said and Frank believed it.

Not that Lucy did not share his belief. It must be for love that she was conceding Frank her hand—since her mother objected to the match. As the nephew of a peer, Frank could give her rather better society than she now enjoyed, even if he could not give her that of the peer, who had an hereditary feud with him. Of course she could not marry him yet, he was quite too poor for that, but he was a young man of considerable talents—which are after all gold pieces. When fame and fortune came to him, Lucy would come and join the party. *En attendant*, their souls would be wed. They kissed each other passionately, sealing the contract of souls with the red sealing-wax of burning lips. To them in Paradise entered the Guardian Angel with a flaming countenance, and drove them into the outer darkness of the brilliant ball-room.

"My dear," said the Guardian Angel, who was Lucy Grayling's mother, "there is going to be an interval, and Mrs. Bayswater is so anxious for you to give that sweet recitation from Racine."

So Lucy declaimed one of Athalie's terrible speeches in a way that enthralled those who understood it, and made those who didn't, enthusiastic.

The applause did not seem to gratify the Guardian Angel as much as usual. Lucy wondered how much she had seen, and, disliking useless domestic discussion, extorted a promise of secrecy from her lover before they parted. He did not care about keeping anything from his father—especially something of which his approval was dubious. Still, all's fair and honourable in love—or love makes it seem so.

Frank took a solemn view of engagement, and embraced Lucy in his general scheme for the redemption of mankind. He felt she was as sacred as well as a precious



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

charge, and he promised himself to attend to her spiritual salvation in so far as her pure instincts needed guidance. He directed her reading in bulky letters bearing the Oxford post-mark. Meantime, Lucy disapproved of his neck-ties. She thought he would be even nicer with a loving wife to look after his wardrobe.

ACT II.

When Frank achieved the indistinction of a second class, as prematurely revealed, he went to Canada, and became a farm-pupil. It was not that his physique warranted the work, but there seemed no way in the old country of making enough money to marry Lucy (much less to redeem mankind) on. He was suffering, too, at the moment from a disgust with the schools, and a sentimental yearning to "return to nature."

The parting with Lucy was bitter, but he carried her bright image in his heart, and wrote to her by every mail. In Canada he did not look at a woman, as the saying goes; true, the opportunities were scant on the lonely log-farm. Absence, distance lent the last touch of idealisation and enchantment to his conception of Lucy. She stood to him not only for Womanhood and Purity, but for England, Home and

Beauty. Nay, the thought of her was even Culture, when the evening found him too worn with physical toil to read a page of the small library he had brought with him. He saw his way to profitable farming on his own account in a few years' time. Then Lucy would come out to him, if they should be too impatient to wait till he had made money enough to go to her.

Lucy's letters did nothing to disabuse him of his ideals or his aims. They were charming, affectionate and intellectual. Midway, in the batch he treasured more than eastern jewels, the sheets began to wear mourning for Lucy's mother. The Guardian Angel was gone—whether to continue the rôle none could say. Frank comforted the orphaned girl as best he could with epistolary kisses and condolences, and hoped she would get along pleasantly with her aunt till the necessity for that good relative vanished. And so the correspondence went on, Lucy's mind improving visibly under her lover's solicitous guidance. Then one day Redhill the elder cabled that by the death of his brother and nephew within a few days of each other, he had become Lord Redhill, and Frank consequently heir to a fine old peerage, and with an heir's income. Whereupon Frank returned forthwith from nature to civilization. Now he could marry Lucy (and redeem mankind) immediately. Only he did not tell Lucy he was coming. He could not deny himself (or her) the pleasure of so pleasurable a surprise.

ACT III.

It was a cold evening in early November when Frank's hansom drove up to the little house near Bond Street, where Lucy's aunt resided. He had not been to see his father yet; Lucy's angel-face hovered before him, warming the wintry air, and drawing him onwards towards the roof that sheltered her. The house was new to him; and as he paused outside for a moment, striving to still his emotion, his eye caught sight of a little placard in the window of the ground floor, inscribed "Apartments." He shuddered, a pang akin to self-reproach shot through him. Lucy's aunt was poor, was reduced to letting lodgings. Lucy herself had, perhaps, been left penniless. Delicacy had restrained her from alluding to her poverty in her letter. He had taken everything too much for granted—surely, straitened as were his means, he should have

proffered her some assistance. A suspicion that he lacked worldly wisdom dawned upon him for the first time, as he rang the bell. Poor little Lucy! Well, whatever she had gone through, the bright days were come at last. The ocean which had severed them for so many weary moons no longer rolled between them—thank God, only the panels of a street-door divided them now. In another instant that darling head—no more the haunting elusive phantom of dream—would be upon his breast. Then, as the door opened, the thought flashed upon him that she might not be in—the idea of waiting a single moment longer for her turned him sick. But his fears vanished at the encouraging expression on the face of the maid servant who opened the door.

"Miss Gray's upstairs," she mumbled, without waiting for him to speak. And, all intelligent reflection swamped by a great wave of joy, he followed her

up one narrow flight of stairs, and passed eagerly into a room to which she pointed. It was a bright, cosy room, prettily furnished, and a cheerful fire crackled on the hearth. There were books and flowers about, and engravings on the walls. The little round table was laid for tea. Everything smiled "welcome." But these details only gradually penetrated Frank's consciousness—for the moment all he saw

was that *She* was not there. Then he became aware of the fire, and moved involuntarily towards it, and held his hands over it, for they were almost numbed with the cold. Straightening himself again, he was startled by his own white face in the glass.

He gazed at it dreamily, and beyond it towards the folding-doors, which led into an adjoining room. His eyes fixed them-

selves fascinated upon these reflected doors, and strayed no more. It was through them that she would come.

Suddenly a dreadful thought occurred to him. When she came through those doors, what would be the effect of his presence upon her? Would not the sudden shock, joyful though it was, upset the fragile little beauty? Had he not even heard of people dying from joy? Why had he not prepared her for his return, if only to the tiniest extent? The suspicion that



THE PARTING WITH LUCY WAS BITTER.

he lacked worldly wisdom gained in force. Tumultuous suggestions of retreat crossed his mind—but before he could move, the folding doors in the mirror flew apart, and a radiant image dashed lightly through them. It was a vision of dazzling splendour that made his eyes blink—a beautiful glittering figure in tights and tinsel, the prancing prince of pantomime. For an infinitesimal fraction of a second, Frank had the horror



THE THOUGHT OF HER WAS EVEN CULTURE.

of the thought that he had come into the wrong house.

"Good evening, George," the Prince cried; "I had almost given you up."

Great God! Was the voice, indeed, Lucy's? Frank grasped at the mantel, sick and blind, the world tumbling about his ears. The suspicion that he lacked worldly wisdom became a certainty. Slowly he turned his head to face the waves of dazzling colour that tossed before his dizzy eyes.

The Prince's outstretched hand dropped suddenly. A startled shriek broke from the painted lips. The re-united lovers stood staring half blindly at each other. More than the Atlantic rolled between them.

Lucy broke the terrible silence.

"Brute!"

It was his welcome home.

"Brute?" he echoed interrogatively, in a low, hoarse whisper.

"Brute and cad!" said the Prince vehemently, the musical tones strident with anger. "Is this your faith, your loyalty—to sneak back home like a thief—to peep through the keyhole to see if I was a good little girl—?"

"Lucy! Don't!" he interrupted in anguished tones. "As there is a heaven above us, I had no suspicion—"

"But you have now," the Prince interrupted with a bitter laugh. Neither made any attempt to touch the other, though they were but a few inches apart. "Out with it!"

"Lucy, I have nothing to say against you. How should I? I know nothing. It is for you to speak. For pity's sake tell me all. What is this masquerade?"

"This masquerade?" She touched her pink tights—he shuddered at the touch. "These are—" She paused. Why not tell the easy lie and be done with the whole business, and marry the dear, devoted boy? But the mad instinct of revolt and resentment swept over her in a flood that dragged the truth from her heart and hurled it at him. "These are the legs of Prince Pretty-pet. If I am lucky, I shall stand on them in the pantomime of *The Enchanted Princess*; or, *Harlequin Dick Turpin*, at the *Oriental Theatre*. The man who has the casting of the part is coming to see how I look."

"You have gone on the stage?"

"Yes; I couldn't live on your lectures," Prince Pretty-pet said, still in the same resentful tone. "I couldn't fritter away the little capital I had when mamma died, and then wait for starvation. I had no useful accomplishments. I could only recite—*Athalie*."

"But surely your aunt—"

"Is a fiction. Had she been a fact it would have been all the same. I had had enough of mamma. No more leading-strings!"

"Lucy! And you wept over her so in your letters?"

"Crocodile's tears. Heavens, are women to have no lives of their own?"

"Oh, why did you not write to me of your difficulties?" he groaned. "I would have come over and fetched you—we would have borne poverty together."

"Yes," the Prince said mockingly. "'E was werry good to me, 'e was.' Do you think I could submit to government by a prig?"

He started as if stung. The little tinselled figure, looking taller in its swashbuckling habits, stared at him defiantly.

"Tell me," he said brokenly, "have you made a living?"

"No. If truth must be told, Lucy Gray—docked at the tail, sir—hasn't made enough to keep Lucy Grayling in theatrical costumes. I got plenty of kudos in the provinces, but two of my managers were bogus."

"Yes?" he said vaguely.

"No treasury, don't you know? Ghost didn't walk. No oof, rhino, shiners, coin, cash, salary!"

"Do I understand you have travelled about the country by yourself?"

"By myself! What, in a company? You've picked up Irish in America. Ha! ha! ha!"

"You know what I mean, Lucy." It seemed strange to call this new person Lucy, but "Miss Grayling" would have sounded just as strange.

"Oh, there was sure to be a married lady—with her husband—in the troupe, poor thing!"

The Prince had a roguish twinkle in the eye. "And surely I am old enough to take care of myself. Still, I felt you wouldn't like it. That's why I was anxious to get a London appearance—if only in East-end pantomime. The money's safe, and your notices are more valuable. I only want a show to take the town. I do hope George won't disappoint me. I thought you were he."

"Who is George?" he said slowly, as if in pain.

The shrill clamour of the bell answered him.

"There he is!" said the Prince joyfully. "George is only Georgie Spanner, stage-manager of the *Oriental*. I have been besieging him for two days. Bella Bright, who had to play Prince Prettypet, has gone and eloped with the scene-painter, and as soon as I heard of it, I got a letter of introduction to Georgie Spanner, and he said I was too little, and I said that was nonsense—that I had played in burlesque at Eastbourne—Come in!"

"Are you at home, miss?" said the maid, putting her head inside the door.

"Certainly, Fanny. That's Mr. Spanner I told you of—" The girl's head looked

puzzled as it removed itself. "And so he said if I would put my things on, he would try and run down for an hour this evening, and see if I looked the part."

"And couldn't all that be done at the theatre?"

"Of course it could. But it's ten times more convenient for me here. And it's very considerate of Georgie to come all this way—he's a very busy man, I can tell you."

The street-door slammed loudly.

A sudden paroxysm shook Frank's frame. "Lucy, send this man away—for God's sake." In his excitement he came nearer,

he laid his hand pleadingly upon the glittering shoulder. The Prince trembled a little under his touch, and stood as in silent hesitancy. The stairs creaked under heavy foot-steps.

"Go to your room," he said more imperatively. Even in the wreck of his ideal, it was an added bitterness to think that limbs whose shapeliness had never even occurred to him, should be made a public spectacle. "Put on decent clothes."

It was the wrong chord to touch. The Prince burst into a boisterous laugh. "Silly old MacDougall!"

The footsteps were painfully near.

"You are mad," Frank whispered hoarsely. "You are killing me—you whom I throned as an angel of light; you who were the first woman in the world—"

"And now I'm going to be the Principal Boy," she laughed quietly back. "Is that you, dear old chap? Come in, George."

The door opened—Frank, disgusted, heart-broken, moved back towards the window-curtains. A sallow-faced, ruddy-nosed man in a seedy black suit, wearing a heavy watch-chain, came in.

"How do, Lucy? Cold, eh? What, in your togs? That's right."



THE FOLDING DOORS IN THE MIRROR FLEW APART.

"There, you bad man! Don't I look ripping?"

"Stunning, Lucy," he said, approaching her.

"Well, then, down on your knees, George, and apologise for saying I was too little."

"Well, I see more of you now, he! he! he! Yes, you'll do. What swell diggings?"

"Come to the fire. Take that easy chair. There, that's right, old man. Now, what is it to be? There's tea laid—you've let it get cold, unpunctual ruffian. Perhaps you'd like a brandy and soda better?"

"M' yes."

She rang the bell. "So glad—because there's only tea for two, and I know my friend would prefer tea," with a sneering intonation. "Let me introduce you—Mr. Redhill, Mr. Spanner, you have heard of Mr. Spanner, the celebrated author and stage-manager?"

The celebrated author and stage-manager half rose in his easy chair, startled, and not over pleased. The pale-faced rival visitor, half-hidden in the curtains, inclined his head stiffly, then moved towards the door.

"Oh no, don't run away like that, without a cup of tea, in this bitter weather. Mr. Spanner won't mind talking business before you, will you, George? Such a dear old friend, you know."

It was a merry tea party. Lucy rattled away bewitchingly, overpowering Mr. Spanner like an embodied brandy and soda. The slang of the green room and the sporting papers rolled musically off her tongue, grating on Frank's ear like the scraping of slate pencils. He had not insight enough to divine that she was accentuating her vulgar acquirements to torture him. Spanner went at last—for the *Oriental* boards claimed him—leaving behind him as nearly definite a promise of the part as a stage-manager can ever bring himself to utter. Lucy accompanied him down stairs. When she returned, Frank was still sitting as she had left him—one hand playing with the spoon in his cup, the rest of the body lethargic, immobile. She bent over him tenderly.

"Frank!" she whispered.

He shivered and looked up at the lovely face, daubed with rouge and pencilled at the eyebrows with black—as for the edification of the distant "gods." He lowered his eyes again, and said slowly: "Lucy, I have come back to marry you. What date will be most convenient to you?"

"You want to marry me," she echoed in low tones. "All the same!" A strange wonderful light came into her eyes. The big lashes were threaded with glistening tears. She put her little hand caressingly upon his hair, and was silent.

"Yes! it is an old promise. It shall be kept."

"Ah!" She drew her hand away with an inarticulate cry. "Like a duty dance, but you do not love me?"

He ignored the point. "I am rich now—my father has unexpectedly become Lord Redhill—you probably heard it?"

"You don't love me! You can't love me!" It sounded like the cry of a soul in despair.

"So there's no need for either of us to earn a living."

"But you don't love me! You only want to save me."

"Well, of course Lord Redhill wouldn't like his daughter-in-law to be—"

"The Principal Boy—ha! ha! ha! But what—ho! ho! ho! I must laugh, Frank, old man, it is so funny—what about the Principal Boy? Do you think he'd cotton to the idea of marrying a peer in embryo! Not if Lucy Gray knows it; no, by Jove! Why, when your coronet came along, I should have to leave the stage, or else people 'ud be saying I couldn't act worth a cent. They'd class me with Lady London and Lady Hansard—oh, lord! Fancy me on the Drury Lane bills—Prince Prettypet, Lady Redhill. And then, great Scott, think whom they'd class you with. Ha! ha! ha! No, my boy, I'm not going to marry a microcephalous idiot. Ho! ho! ho! I wish somebody would put all this in a farce."

"Do I understand that you wish to break off the engagement?" Frank said slowly, a note of surprise in his voice.

"You've hit it—now that I hear about this peerage business—why didn't you tell me before? I'm out of all the gossip of court circles, and it wasn't in the *Era*. No, I might have redeemed my promise to a commoner, but a lord, ugh! I never had your sense of duty, Frank, and must really cry 'quits.' Now you see the value of secret engagements—ours is off, and nobody will be the wiser—or the worse. Now get thee to his lordship—concealment, like a worm i' the bud, no longer preying upon thy damask cheek. I was alway sorry you had to keep it from the old buffer. But it was for the best, wasn't it?—ha! ha!—it

was for the best! Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Frank fled down the staircase followed by long peals of musical laughter. They followed him into the bleak night, which had no frost for him; but they became less musical as they rang on, and as the terrified maid and the landlady strove in vain to allay the hysterical tempest.

ACT IV.

The *Oriental*, on Boxing Night, was like a baker's oven for temperature, and an unopened sardine-barrel for populousness. The East-end had poured its rollicking multitudes into the vast theatre, which seethed over with noisy vitality. There was much traffic in ginger-beer, oranges, Banbury cakes, and "bitter." The great audience roared itself hoarse over old choruses with new words. Lucy Gray, as Prince Prettytype, made an instant success. The mashers of the *Oriental* ogled her in silent flattery. Her clear elocution, her charming singing voice, her sprightly dancing, her *chic*, her frank vulgarity, when she "let herself go," took every heart captive. Every heart, that is, save one, which was filled with sickness and anguish, and covered with a veil of fine linen. The heir of the house of Redhill cowered at the back of the O.P. stage-box—the only place in the house disengaged when he drove up in a mistaken dress-suit. It was the first time he had seen Prince Prettytype since the merry tea-party, and he did not know why he was seeing her now. He hoped she did not see him. She pirouetted up to the front of his box pretty often during the evening, and several times hurled ancient wheezes at the riotous funnymen from that



IT WAS A MERRY TEA PARTY. LUCY RATTLED AWAY BEWITCHINGLY.

coign of vantage. Spoken so near his ear, the vulgar jokes tingled through him like lashes from a whip. Once she sang a chorus, winking in his direction. But that was the business of the song, and impersonal. He saw no sure signs of recognition, and was glad.

When, during the gradual but gorgeous evolution of the Transformation Scene, he received a note from her, he remained glad. It ran, "The bearer will take you behind. I have no one to see me home. Always your friend—Lucy." He went "behind," following his guide through a confusion of coatless carpenters waving torches of blue and green fire from the wings, and gauzy, highly-coloured Whitechapel girls ensconcing themselves in uncomfortable attitudes on wooden pedestals, which were mounting and descending.

Georgie Spanner was bustling about,

half crazed, amid a hubbub perfectly inaudible from the front; but he found time to scowl at Frank, as that gentleman stumbled over the pantaloons and fell against a little iron lever, whose turning might have plunged the stage in darkness. Frank found Lucy in a tiny cellar with white-washed walls and a rough counter, on which stood a tin basin and a litter of "make up" materials. She had "changed" before he came. It was the first time for years he had seen her in her true womanly envelope. Assuredly she had grown far lovelier, and her face was flushed with triumph; otherwise it was the old Lucy. The Prince was washed off with the paint. Frank's eyes filled with tears. How hard he had been on her! Nay, had he not misjudged her? She looked so frail, so little, so childish, what guile could she know? It was all mere surface-froth on her lips! How narrow to set up his life, his ideals, as models, patterns! The poor little thing had her own tastes, her own individuality! How hard she worked to earn her own living! He bent down and kissed her forehead, remorsefully, as one might kiss an over-scolled child. She drew his head down lower and kissed him—passionately—on the lips. "Let us wait a little," she said, as he spoke of send-

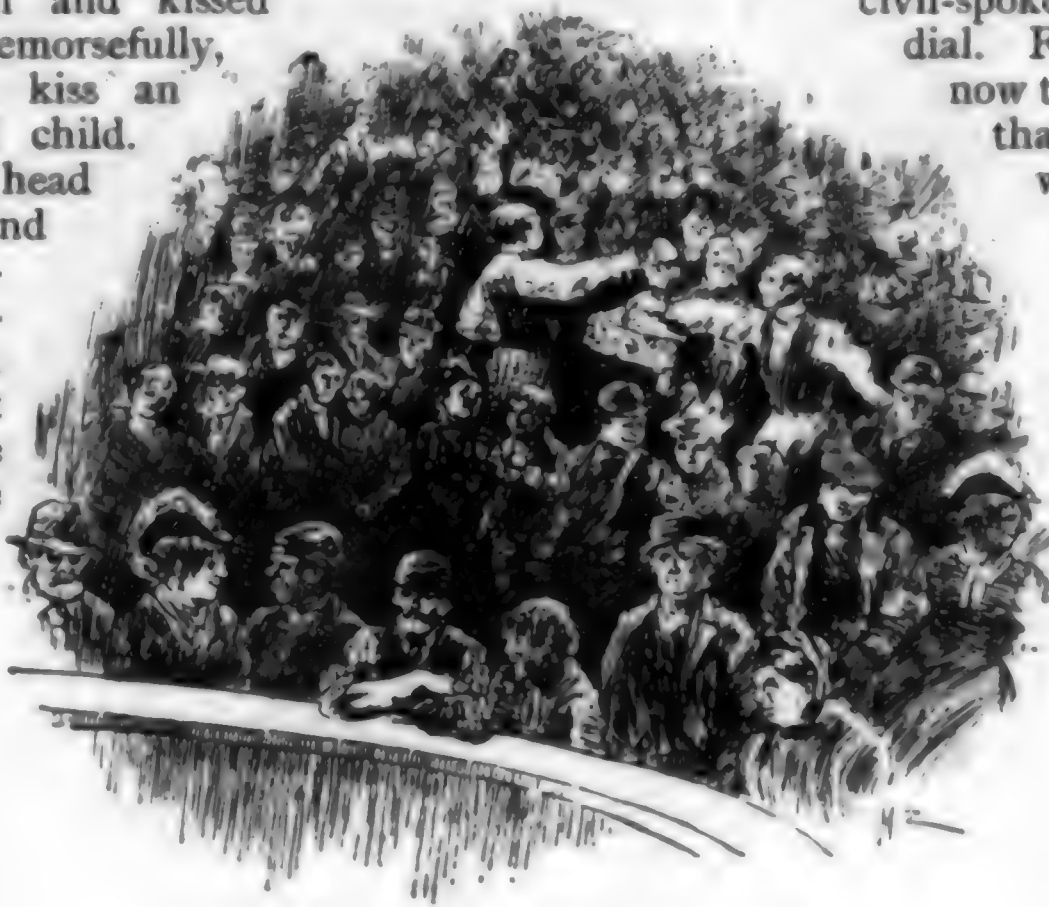
ing for a hansom. "Sloman, the lessee, gives a little supper on the stage after the show—he'll be annoyed if I don't stay. He'll be delighted to have you."

The pantomime had gone better than any one had expected. It had been insufficiently rehearsed, and though everybody had said "it'll be all right at night"—in the immortal phrase of the profession—they had said it more automatically than confidently. Consequently everyone was in high feather, and agreeably surprised at the accuracy of the prophesying. Even Georgie Spanner ceased to scowl under the genial influences of success and Sloman's very decent champagne. The air was full of laughter and gaiety, and everybody (except the clown) cracked jokes. The leading ladies made themselves pleasant, and did not swear. Everybody seemed to have acquired a new respect for Lucy, seeing her with such a real Belgravian swell. Probably she would soon have a theatre of her own.

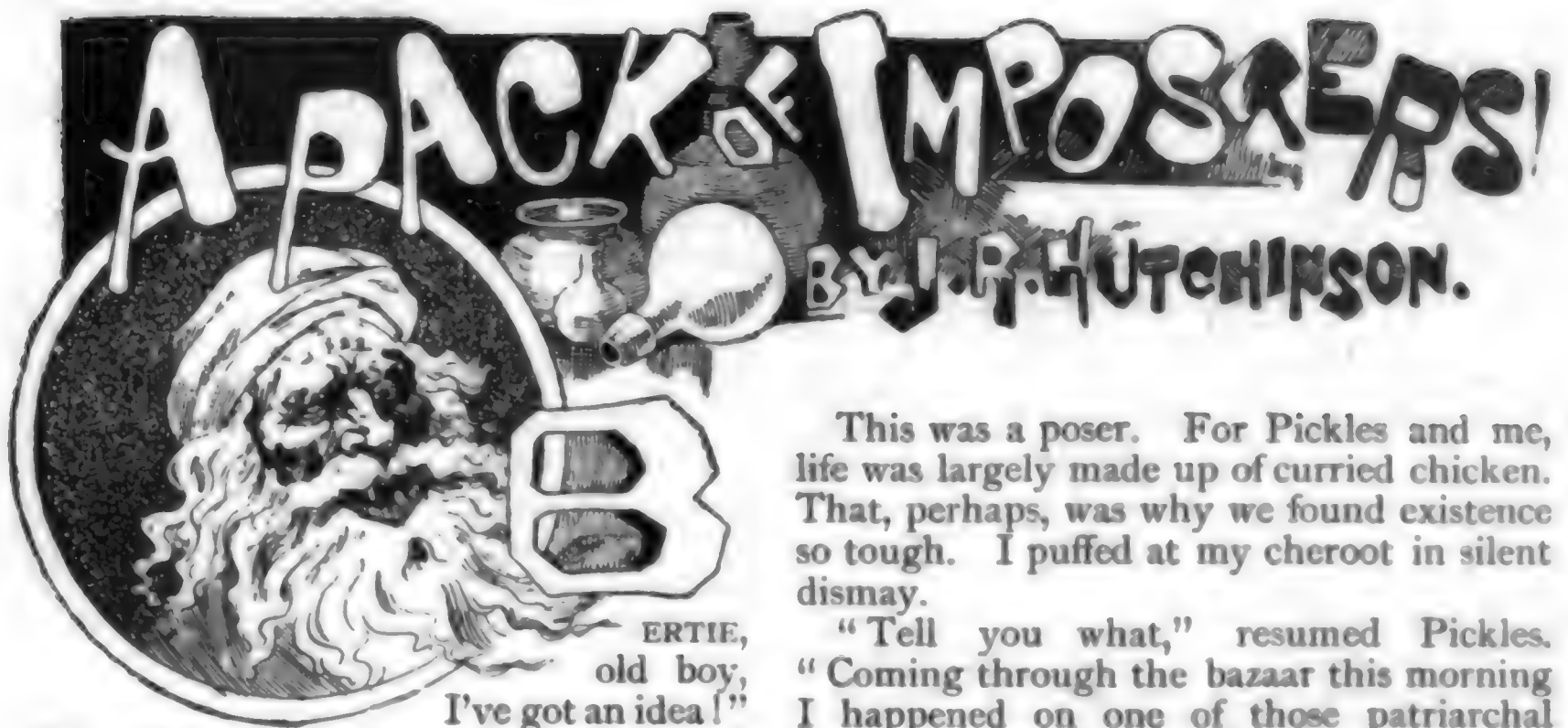
It was the Prig's first excursion into Bohemia, and he thought the natives very civil-spoken, naïve, and cordial. Frank had no doubt now that Lucy was right, that he *was* a Prig to want to redeem mankind. And the conviction that he lacked worldly wisdom was sealed for aye.

ACT V.

So he married her.



THE "ORIENTAL" ON BOXING NIGHT.



ERTIE,
old boy,
I've got an idea!"

When Pickles delivered himself thus, I always found it worth my while to listen, for Pickles's ideas invariably bore the stamp of originality.

Pickles was an Inspector in the Indian Salt Department; I, his sub. We shared a small bungalow together, on the verandah of which we were lolling comfortably in long-chairs at the moment Pickles made the above announcement. It was after dinner. I had a cheroot between my teeth; Pickles, an empty "peg"-glass by his side. He also had an idea. And it was time. His last idea was a month old, and rather stale. Pickles never got more than one idea a month; but then Pickles was a genius.

"Fire away," said I, watching a smoke-ring, I had just blown, float like an aureola over Pickles's head.

"Ramaswami's wife's down with fever," Pickles began, and stopped to allow me time to digest the news. Ramaswami was our butler; his wife concocted our curry powder. I saw no end of culinary difficulties looming in the near future. What was to be done? The smoke from my cheroot shaped itself into a huge interrogation point. Pickles proceeded:

"She's got it bad, old boy—raving. And there's no doctor within fifty miles. The quinine's all out, too. If she dies, where's our curried chicken to come from?"

This was a poser. For Pickles and me, life was largely made up of curried chicken. That, perhaps, was why we found existence so tough. I puffed at my cheroot in silent dismay.

"Tell you what," resumed Pickles. "Coming through the bazaar this morning I happened on one of those patriarchal *fakir* fellows sitting under his umbrella as solemn as a Sphinx. There was a crowd round, so I stopped to see what was going on. The old chap was selling little packets of some sort of febrifuge at an anna each. See?"

"Ah! you mean to have him prescribe for Ramaswami's wife," said I. "But can he? He's a fraud, like as not. All mendicants are."

"Not a bit of it!" retorted Pickles confidently. "They're knowing old beggars, these *fakirs*. Besides, they're up to no end of tricks. We'll have the butler's wife cured, and get lots of fun out of the old chap to boot."

I gave in: Pickles was my superior. "When's he coming?" I asked.

"Here he comes now," said Pickles, "in full war paint."

The *fakir* came slowly up the walk, and dropped his salaam with his sandals at the foot of the verandah steps. He had had a noble figure once, but was now bent nearly double with age. A flowing beard, matted into ropes the size of one's finger with the accumulated



THE SORCERER AND THE BUTLER.

filth of years, swept his knees; his wrinkled face and forehead were thickly smeared over with sacred ashes; hooked nails of enormous length capped his hands, one of which clutched the handle of an open umbrella, the other a curiously twisted staff.

"He'll want to see the patient first thing," said Pickles, rising; "come on, Bertie." And he led the way round to the back of the bungalow, where the butler occupied a small hut, half of which was used as our cook-house. The *fakir* followed, mumbling.

Pickles entered the hut without ceremony. The sick woman lay on a low cot, delirious. After feeling her pulse and looking at the whites of her eyes, the *fakir* turned his snaky optics on Pickles, and said: "Maharajah,

I shall want a rupee for expense."



THE BUDA-BUDDAKA MAN.

Pickles forked out the rupee. "Cheap at that," said he. But he was mistaken.

Just then the butler came in. "Give her this," said the *fakir*, placing in his hands a leafen packet containing enough powder to dose a dozen fever patients. "I'll look in again in the morning." And tucking the rupee in his waist-cloth he made his salaam and went off.

Next morning the butler reported his wife to be worse. "T'won't do," said Pickles gravely; "the curry powder's just done, Bertie."

A little later the *fakir* put in an appearance. He was accompanied by a stranger, a much younger man, and clean-shaven, which materially brightened the contrast between them. As a head-dress this individual wore a bunch of cock's feathers. But the strangest part of his equipment was a small drum-like instrument fitted with a handle and a short piece of string to which was attached an earthen pellet, which, when the handle was rapidly twirled, produced a sound something like this: *buda-buddaka! buda-buddaka!* In fact, as I afterwards learned, these mendicants are called "*buda-buddaka* men."

The *fakir* exhibited no surprise on learning that his patient was worse, but promptly introduced the *daka*-man as a specialist in fever cases, with the remark that two heads were better than one.

"Especially Queen's heads," said I, alluding to the rupee that I saw to be forthcoming. And sure enough, the fellow refused to see the patient unless he received the same fee as the *fakir*.

"No help for it," said Pickles, as he handed over the coin; "we can't live without chicken curry. They'll not see the colour of my money again, anyhow."

We proceeded to the hut. The butler's wife, in one of her restless fits, had rolled off the cot, and now lay in a heap on the mud floor. When the *fakir* and the *daka*-man had examined her, the latter shook his head gravely, and said: "a bad case, Maharajah: she's possessed."

Pickles looked scared. "The devil!" he gasped.

"It may be, Maharajah; but I'm afraid it's a she-spirit. They're terribly obstinate, are she-spirits. It will cost a lot of money to exorcise."

"How much?" demanded Pickles, desperately.

"Five rupees at least, Maharajah."

Pickles paid the money without a word



THE FAKIR WAS SITTING, HOLDING THE HANDLE OF AN OPEN UMBRELLA.

(audible, at least), and at once the *fakir* and his assistant proceeded to business. The butler stood by shivering.

A woman of the sweeper caste now appeared on the scene, and her the *fakir* set to work to smear the floor of the room with fresh cow-dung, after the usual manner of native house-cleaning. This done, in the middle of the floor he drew a life-size female figure in coloured chalk, shook out his queue, and plastered his face thickly with ground saffron. Meanwhile, the sweeper had given the unconscious patient a bath by the simple process of dousing her, clothes and all, with the contents of a water-pot, after which she was laid dripping upon the chalk diagram. The *daka-man* now began to beat his drum fiercely; and the *fakir*, seizing a lamp which the sweeper had lit, and the *daka-man's* bundle of canes, fell to swinging them above the prostrate woman, shouting out the while certain cabalistic sentences, which I took to be commands for the evil spirit to depart. After they had kept up this infernal row for some five minutes, a strange thing happened—the unconscious patient spoke.

Clear and distinct as a hiss came from

her lips the words: "I defy you!" I glanced at Pickles. He was as white as a sheet.

The *fakir* flung lamp and cane from him. "It's no use, Maharajah," said he, "we must have in a sorceress."

"Have in whoever you please!" growled Pickles with an oath; and he strode off towards the bungalow, where I found him, shortly afterwards, mopping his face and excitedly pacing the verandah, into one corner of which he had kicked both the chairs.

About one o'clock the *fakir* and his assistant, who had meantime been absent in the town, returned. At their heels hobbled the most uncanny looking old crone it has ever been my lot to set eyes upon. She looked an out-and-out witch. The *fakir* announced that all was now ready, and would the *sahibs* accompany him to the hut?

"Shall we go?" I asked, turning to Pickles; "or have you had enough of it?"

"We'll go," said he; "though I'd pitch the whole business but for one thing. That woman's voice—my God! it was like the combined hiss of a hundred cobras. And she as senseless as a log, too! I know she

was, for I pinched her arm on the q. r. and, she never moved."

The hut was as still as death. On the cot lay the sick woman, covered from head to foot with a sheet. The sight was ghastly. A long, shivering moan from the patient, however, presently broke the death-like stillness.

The old hag crouched beside the cot, whilst the *fakir* placed before her some rice and a vessel containing water. Then in a whisper he explained that she was about to bribe the evil spirit to leave the woman; the floating or sinking of the rice would indicate whether the demon would go or not.

"I'll give you a sheep," mumbled the hag; "will you go?" and with her finger

and thumb she let fall a few grains of rice upon the surface of the water. They floated. The bribe was insufficient. "A goat, then," she continued; but again the rice floated. The evil spirit was not so easily to be got rid of. "I'll give you a goat, a sheep, and a rupee; will you go now?" This time also the rice remained on the surface. The *daka*-man wailed out that it was all over.

"Add another rupee," said Pickles between his teeth.

The hag did so, and this time the rice sank! The evil spirit was satisfied, and would accept notice to quit. Whereupon the sorceress snatched up the bundle of rattans and, screaming at the top of her voice, began belabouring the patient soundly to hasten the demon's departure. Scarcely

had she struck a single blow, when up started the figure on the cot, and, throwing off the covering, revealed to our astonished eyes the shaven head and bare shoulders of—the butler!

Ramaswami, it seems, had carried his wife into the adjoining room, and then laid himself down to enjoy his mid-day nap. I shall never forget his look of horror when he caught sight of the old beldam who bent over him.

The hag immediately betook herself into the adjoining room, and there, I suppose, for I did not follow, repeated the bribing process. Again it proved successful; for presently out they came, the three of them, with the news that the demon had left the woman, and now needed only to be evicted from the dwelling itself. The patient (who certainly seemed much better) was accordingly carried out, and the *fakir* shut himself in for the final bout with the evil spirit.

In ten minutes or so he re-appeared, closing the door carefully behind him.

"Ssssh!" said he, with his finger on his lips; "I'll soon settle it! You'll hear it speak presently."



THE FAKIR COMMANDS THE EVIL SPIRIT TO DEPART

Five minutes passed, and nothing was to be heard save the laboured breathing of the sick woman. Then from the inner room came the sound of a crash, followed by a fierce hissing.

"This grows interesting," whispered Pickles; and watching his chance when the *fakir's* back was turned, he slipped out of doors.

Presently he returned, looking as solemn as a judge. The crashing, hissing noise still continued, at intervals of perhaps a minute. The *fakir* explained that she-devils were desperately hard to manage: he was having a regular tussle with this one.

At last the noises ceased, the *fakir* announced that the demon had taken its departure, and we followed suit. When we were well out of earshot of the others, Pickles gave a snort.

"The old fraud!" said he, with the interpolation of a certain adjective to which he was partial; "to think how nicely he's done me out of that eight rupees! You see, when I slipped out that time, I went round to the rear of the hut. There's a small window there, and I peeped in. What do you suppose the old scoundrel had gone and done? Soaked a cloth in *ghi*, knotted a lot of stones to it, tied

it to the cross-beam, and then set it on fire! Just below was a dish full of water, for the stones to fall into as the cloth burnt. The old rascal! I'll show him a trick worth two of that, see if I don't!"

When the three came to the verandah steps to make their final salaams, Pickles called the *fakir* up, and asked him could he perform what is commonly known as the suspension trick—*i.e.*, suspend himself in the air without visible

means of support. The old fellow wagged his head. "Oh, yes! Should he come on the morrow and show the Maharajah how the thing was done?"

"No," said Pickles, "we'll have it now." And with that he seized the old fellow by the back hair, swung him off his feet, and with the toe of his boot facilitated his descent of the steps.

The following morning, while I was at *chotahasri*, Pickles came in quickly, and flung himself into a chair.

I looked up enquiringly.

"The butler's wife's dead," said he. "Just as I told you—those mendicant fellows are a pack of impostors!"



THE OLD RASCAL SET FIRE TO THE CLOTH.



"ETHEL WAS VERY TIRED AFTER THE LONG SEARCH."

DICKY was very naughty indeed, When let out of his little cage. instead of perching upon the fingers of his young mistress and chirping to her as usual, he had flown out at the window, which happened to be open.

Ethel, who loved Dicky more than all her toys put together, would not be reconciled to her loss ; she searched for Dicky high and low, she called him by all his pet names, and at last she sat down upon the wicker chair in her play room, and abandoned herself to grief.

She was very tired after the long search, and she found herself nodding now and again ; but each time she had looked up at the empty cage, and sobbed as though her little heart would break.

But there was Dicky at last ! And there, too, was an old hen sparrow with an apple stall. How hungry poor Dicky looked, and how sorry that he had no money to buy himself an apple !

Mrs. Sparrow, however, had a kind heart, and she gave him a meal, and then took him into her employment.



"DICKY WAS SENT OUT WITH A COSTER'S BARROW."

Dicky—her dear, dear Dicky, of whom she was so proud—was actually sent out with a coster's barrow; but Dicky was not proud, and he knew that it was better to earn an honest livelihood, in no matter how humble a way, than to remain idle.

Miss Birdie, who sold flowers, was one of his regular customers; and, as Dicky had not his young mistress to chirp to, he often stayed and warbled to her. She thought his voice very sweet, and encouraged him to sing of love; and one day, when he returned to Mrs. Sparrow's, after the labours of the day, he found that he had left his heart behind him at the street corner, where Miss Birdie sold her flowers.

Dicky returned at once to Miss Birdie, who was surprised, but not sorry, to see him again; and when he complained of his loss, and entreated her assistance, she generously gave him her heart, and then rejoiced to find that his was in her keeping.

How happy they were that evening! and many evenings that followed they spent together, sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys.

Miss Birdie, however, had other admirers; and one of these, a carpenter, who was out on strike, lost his bag, whilst stand-



"WHERE MISS BIRDIE SOLD HER FLOWERS."

ing at Dicky's barrow. He said that it had contained strike funds, and that Dicky had stolen it; and Miss Birdie was present when her lover was arrested.

Tom Tit, the wicked carpenter, stood by Miss Birdie's side, whilst Dicky was being



ONE OF THESE LOST HIS BAG WHILST STANDING AT DICKY'S BARROW.



"TOM TIT STOOD BY MISS BIRDIE'S SIDE WHILST DICKY WAS LED AWAY."

led away ; and he tried to make her believe that Dicky was guilty. This, however, he could not do ; but Tom's bag was found in Mrs. Sparrow's house, and Dicky was kept in prison a long time, and then tried.

The lawyer bird who defended Dicky at the trial said that the empty bag being found at Dicky's lodgings proved that he was not guilty ; for he was arrested immediately after the theft, and before he could

had agreed to this, the pavement artist took them to a magistrate. Then he said that Tom Tit had spent the strikers' funds, and had asked him to carry the empty bag to Dicky's lodgings, to escape the penalty of his misdeeds. Tom's punishment, however, was only postponed ; for he was promptly arrested, found guilty, and sentenced to six months' hard labour.

Dicky could now hold up his head with honest pride, but the young couple were peniless. So Dicky proposed that they should spend their honeymoon with Ethel ; and when that young lady awoke, there was Birdie in the cage, and Dicky was only waiting to perch upon her hand.

"Oh ! dear Dicky," Ethel said, "and did you really go through all that, or have I been dreaming ? But still, I cannot have dreamt it all, for there is Birdie ; and surely she wouldn't have flown in here at the open window, unless you were really married."



"THEY WERE ACCOSTED BY THE PAVEMENT ARTIST."

possibly have returned home. It was suggested by Mr. Justice Owl, that Dicky might have had an accomplice ; but the feathered jury acquitted the prisoner, and he was set at liberty.

Then Dicky and Miss Birdie were married, though Mrs. Sparrow would not employ Dicky any more ; but Miss Birdie had some savings, and they determined to set up housekeeping for themselves.

As they were coming from the church, a bird, who drew pictures on the pavement, spoke to them and said that if Birdie would give him all her savings, he would prove Dicky's innocence. When the young couple



"DID YOU REALLY GO THROUGH ALL THAT ?"



Will
Som-
ers

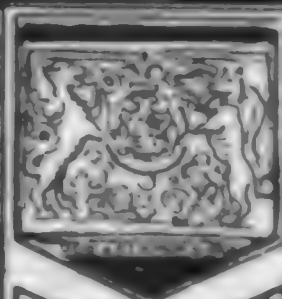


Car-
dinal
Wolsey



Court Jester

by Sir
John
Campbell



Hen-
ry
VIII



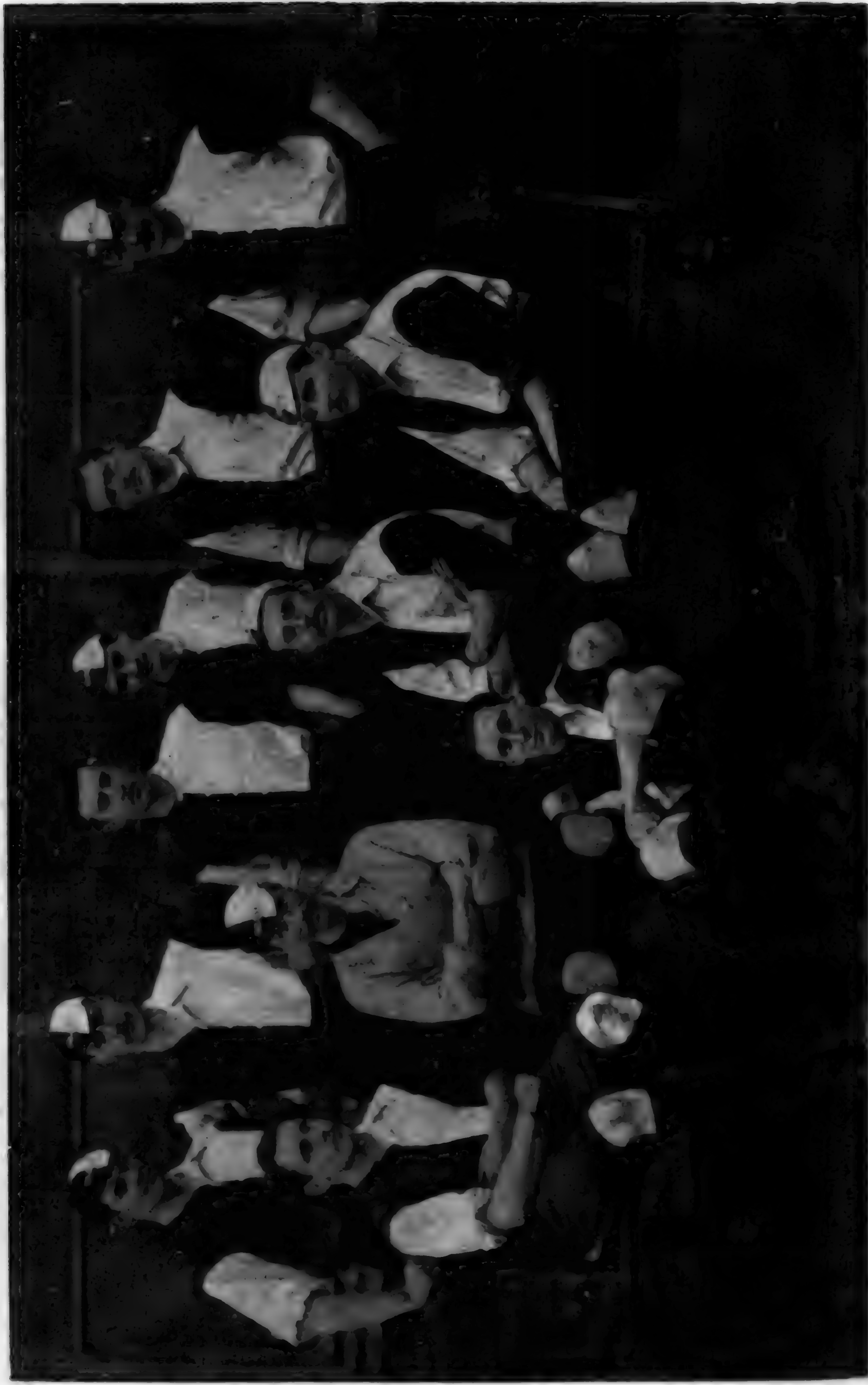
Cath-
arine
Parr



I am the jester of the court,
With cap and bells and motley hose,
I carp and joke and make good sport,
And jest alike at friends and foes.
My jests are new, my quips are quaint,
I laugh at sinner and at saint.
They smile, altho' the sting they feel,
But yet their pain they can't conceal,
For the words of the fool bite sharp.
On every side my arrows fly,
They strike the low, they smite the high,
The Queen smiles at my ev'ry jest,
The King applauds with hearty zest.
I care not for the pain I cause,
If I but win my lord's applause;
For jokes I make and songs I sing
Have never failed to please the King,
For the words of the fool bite sharp.
The proud position which I hold,
I would not change for rank or gold,
I would not be a belted earl,
To bow the knee, to veer and twirl,
To serve the King and fear his frown;
I'd rather be the simple clown
And speak my mind, for that's the rule
And license of the monarch's Fool,
For the words of the fool bite sharp.



OXFORD UNIVERSITY (ASSOCIATION) FOOTBALL TEAM.



N. F. Shaw (Magd.), F. E. Street (Ch. Ch.), R. C. N. Palmer (Oriel), G. R. Wood (Merton), E. Jackson (Oriel), B. Littledale (Ch. Ch.),
 H. A. Rhodes (Ch. Ch.), L. E. Wilkinson (Ch. Ch.), G. L. Wilson (Hert.), H. H. Hamard (Oriel),
 From a Photo by J. Montgomery (St. Catharines), 22, Baker Street, W.

FOOTBALL

BY
H I T Z.

NOWHERE, I think, is sport entered into in a more sportsmanlike manner than in our Universities. Here, professionalism, in any shape or form, may be denoted by the unknown algebraic quantity x . Both Oxford and Cambridge boast of a United Athletic Club, to which every undergraduate is supposed to belong; the membership carrying with it the right to cricket, football, rowing, etc., and it is very rarely you meet with an "undergrad." who does not go in for some branch of sport. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" is the principle adopted, and undoubtedly the correct one. This is proved by the fact that many of our leading men, judges, lawyers, civilians or military, have, in their time, been "in the eight," or the "eleven," or "fifteen," or distinguished themselves on the cinderpath.

It would occupy too much space to describe fully the working of the Football Association Club at both 'Varsities; what is stated of one, applies equally to the other.

The Oxford University Association F. C. is governed and managed by a committee of five, chosen somewhat after this fashion. Each college at the beginning of each season elects its own captain and secretary, and selects its representatives; so far this is similar to ordinary clubs, but it differs somewhat in the selection of players, being confined within more exact bounds.

Any undergraduate member of the University who has not been in residence more than four years from the time of his matriculation is eligible; so in this way an "undergrad." who has "gone down" and so ceased to be a resident member of the club, is yet able to play in the Inter-'Varsity match, if selected. This rule was made owing to the fact that the Cambridge undergraduate is, usually, in residence for

three years only, whereas the Oxford man spends, usually, four years in residence.

As will be naturally understood, every year good men are leaving college, their work being completed, and consequently big gaps are made in the team. It is with some anxiety, therefore, that the captains of the different college teams, look to see who is coming up "with a reputation" from the chief Association-playing public schools, such as Charterhouse, Shrewsbury, Westminster, Brighton, Repton, Malvern, or Lancing College.

Mr. N. F. Shaw is an old Charterhouse boy, he was in the eleven at school in 1889. He is a splendid half back, a very hard worker, very fast, and feeds his forwards well. It will be seen that he has kept up his reputation, as he is now secretary of the Oxford A.F.C.

Mr. M. H. Stanbrough is another Charterhouse boy; was in the eleven at school the same year as N. F. Shaw; he used to play "outside left" in the school team, and was renowned for his brilliant dribbles and splendid shots. He is now captain of the Cambridge team.

N. C. Cooper, another brilliant man who plays for Cambridge University, captained Brighton College some two or three years ago. "Centre half" is his place.

R. C. N. Palairt, another good man, was once the "inside left" in the Repton School team.

Many more on the two 'Varsity teams have come up with a good reputation from some of our public schools.

At the beginning of the term the secretaries send forward the names of all "probables." A match, or, as it is termed, a squash, takes place to try the freshers.

It is interesting to note how the old football players watch the form of each fresher and encourage them to distinguish

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY (ASSOCIATION) FOOTBALL TEAM.



2



H. A. RHODES.
From photo by J. Sumner, Oxford

'Varsity match. About two matches a week are then the rule; this acts in the twofold way of keeping the men in good form and also in bringing out any dark horse.

Beside *the* match, Oxford *v.* Cambridge, there is an Inter-'varsity Cup competition which causes a good deal of excitement and healthy competition.

Oxford has turned out some very good socker men in its day, notably, Thornton, Wilson, Kemp, Philipson. With this number we give our readers photos of Mr. H. A. Rhodes, Christchurch College, who captains the Oxford team this year, and Mr. N. F. Shaw, Magdalene College, the secretary, to whom I am indebted for much of my information.

Cambridge has a long roll of celebrities, too, in the football world; among many, I may mention C. P. Wilson, who has played



From photo by Hills & Saunders, Cambridge.

themselves. Favouritism is unknown; every man stands or falls on his form. After the freshers' squash, comes the seniors; this to see if any good men of last year have been overlooked. Then comes a picked game, or, in its syncopated form, "picker." This decides the team for the first

for his country in both forms of the game — a remarkable feat; S. M. J. Woods, our champion amateur bowler, has not only played for his 'Varsity against Oxford and for England, in the Rugby game, but he has also played socker for Jesus College, Brighton College, and also for Sussex. In-

deed, it is now an historical fact that some two seasons ago S. M. J. Woods, or "Sammy" as his friends dub him, met with an accident (a broken collarbone. I believe); this incapacitated him from entering the field, yet his ghost was seen in the dim twilight flitting around the meadows

dribbling an Association ball. This probably would account for "Sammy's" fine dribbling performances in the Rugby game. Another brilliant Cantab man was George Cotterill; he captained his 'Varsity team in his day, and also played for the Corinthenians. Cambridge, this year, play Notts County, Royal Arsenal, Crusaders, Old Etonians, Old Carthusians, &c. Mr. M. H. Stanbrough, Caius College, Cambridge, captains the Cantabs this year, and he will have, among many good men, J. G. Veitch. We give portraits of these two well-known players.

The Inter-'Varsity match is played every year on the grounds of Queen's Park, Kensington, and I can promise my readers, be they Rugbyites or Socker men, a good day's enjoyment and a well-contested game.

ASTON VILLA FOOTBALL CLUB.—Thanks to Mr. G. B. Ramsay, the courteous secretary of the Villa Football Club, I am able to give my readers a few interesting particulars about this famous club. Nothing much is known about them till 1879, at least they didn't commence to win cups and other trophies till then, but since that date their record has been a most brilliant one.

Aston Villa

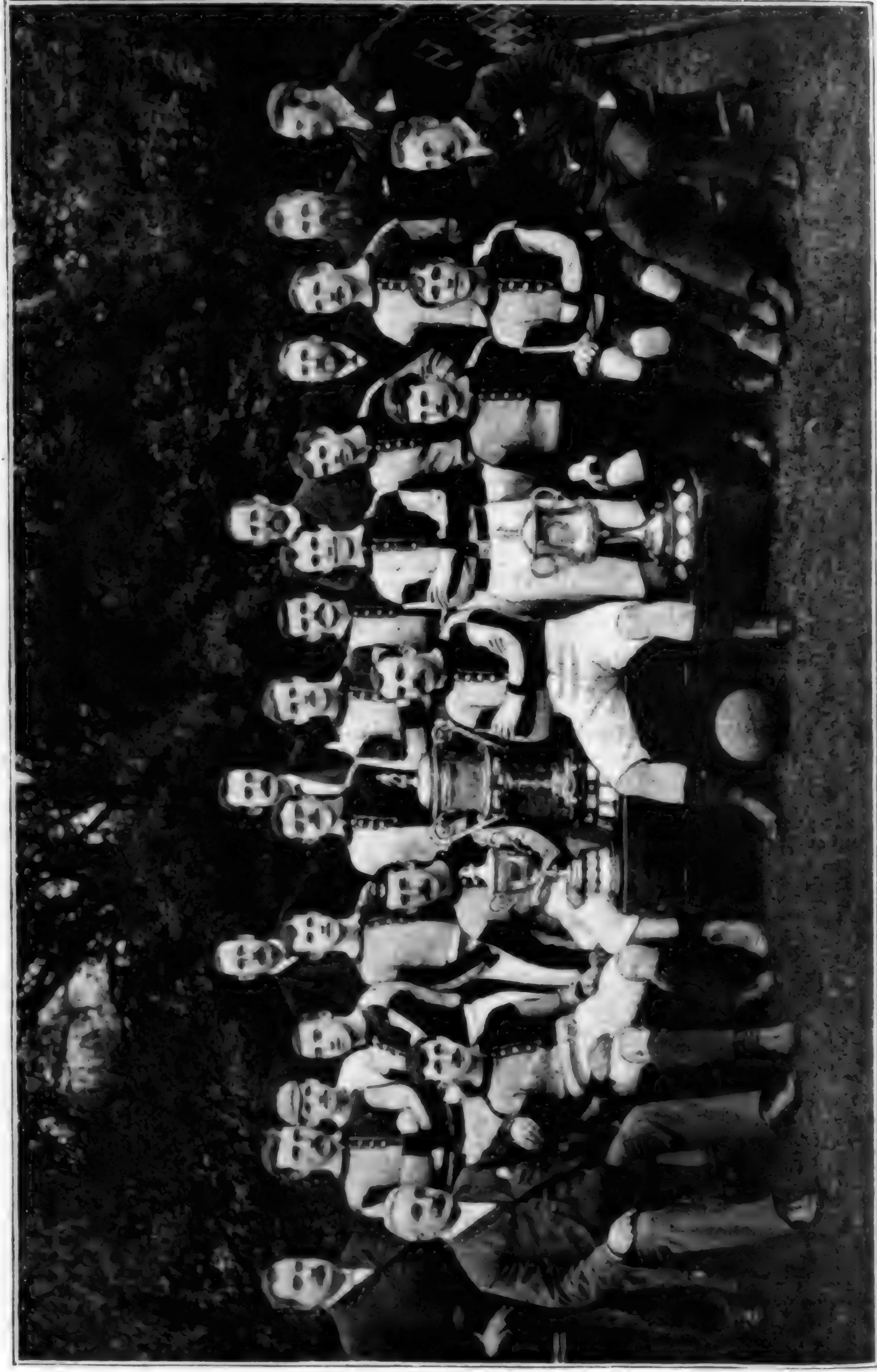


N. F. SHAW.
From photo by Gillman & Co., Oxford.



From photo by Stearn, Cambridge.

ASTON VILLA (ASSOCIATION) FOOTBALL TEAM.



- | | | | | | | |
|--------------|---------------|--------------|-------------|--------------------|-----------------|----------------------|
| J. T. Lees.* | J. Warner | A. Halbutt.* | F. Dawson.* | J. E. Margoschia.* | J. Whitehouse.* | W. McGregor.* |
| W. Dickson. | J. Cowan. | A. Allen. | C. Hare. | C. Campbell. | F. Burton | A. Hunter.* |
| F. Cooper. | C. Adersmith. | J. Brown. | H. Devey. | F. Devey. | D. H. H. H. | Geo. H. Ramsay, Sec. |
| | | | G. Cox. | G. Cox. | | |
| | | | | | | |

Ground is at Perry Barr close to Birmingham, and the colours of the club are the well-known claret and blue. This season promises to be their best, and they purpose eclipsing all their previous records. Here, of course, Association is the game played, and professionalism or paid players is the rule. The club this season boasts of thirty signed professionals, all good men, and capable of playing with any first class team. Indeed, the trouble seems to be to get matches good enough for their reserves to play. They belong to the Football League, and are confident of heading the list at the end of the present season. Certainly up to the date of writing it seems like it. They have met and defeated such powerful clubs as "Blackburn Rovers," "West Bromwich Albion," "Preston North End," and "Sunderland."

The secretary, in sending me a list of the club's successes, modestly adds, "I think they will compare favourably with those of other clubs." I fancy my readers will agree with this modest assertion. Here is a list:—

Birmingham Cup—1879, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884,
1887, 1888, 1889, 1890.

Magor's Charity Cup—1882, 1883, 1884, 1885.
Joint holders with the "Swifts."
1886, 1888, 1889, 1890.

English Cup—1886.

Staffordshire Cup—1880, 1890.

West Bromwich Charity Cup—Joint holders with
"Albion"—1889.

In 1889, among the twelve clubs included in the League, I see that Aston Villa ran second to Preston North End. Aston played 22 matches (all against crack clubs), won 12, drew 5, lost 5. This is no bad record. As I hope to notice Preston North End in a later article, I refrain from giving its record here.

It is marvellous what strides Association

Football has made in the north during the past few years. A stranger entering one of our big railway stations on a Saturday afternoon, might be pardoned for enquiring as to the cause of the undue excitement and bustle. Special trains are run from all quarters to the field of battle. If the match is an important one, such as Aston Villa *v.* Preston North End, or Everton *v.* Stoke, hundreds, aye thousands, of admirers will travel with the visiting team, and the greatest enthusiasm will prevail. Every feature and movement of the game, every individual player, is keenly watched and criticised, encouraged, or condemned, as occasion merits, and when some point is scored the air is full of the wildest yells of delight. Truly, it is a sight to be seen to be appreciated. We in the south cannot work ourselves up to the pitch. Why it is, I cannot say; nevertheless, the fact remains that it is so.

Sometime ago I was talking to a well-known sportsman in Lancashire about this very thing. He somewhat staggered me by saying, "You see, we employers up north encourage sport. If any of our lads want the half day off to play, they get it. If they come to work next day with a black eye or lame leg, we take no notice of it. You people down south try to sit on sport as much as ever you can. No, you may not mean to do so, but you do it all the same. You put obstacles in the way of your clerks or warehouse hands getting away, while a black eye or broken nose spells 'instant dismissal.'"

There may be a lot in this, or there may be nothing. I leave it to my numerous readers to judge. I have not yet touched on the matter of professionalism. I purpose in a later article to have something to say on that vexed and much debated subject.

*I must apologize to my Scotch readers for an error in my last article. In giving the matches England *v.* Scotland, I stated: "England has won eleven, and Scotland four;" the figures should be reversed, and read: "Scotland eleven, and England four." I hope that this notification will appease the wrath of my friends from over the border.*



KISSING GOES BY FAVOUR

As he came riding o'er the bridge,
He saw the miller's daughter,
She'd stumbled on the river-edge,
And tumbled in the water.
"What will you give me, dear," said he,
"If I can you deliver."
"O pull me out and we will see,"
She gurgled from the river.

He lights him down upon the ground,
And does what he engages,
And when he'd got her safe and sound
He asks her for his wages.
She lifted up her eyes of blue,
Her lips as sweet as honey,
She said "I'll sing a song for you,
Because—I have no money!"

"No! no!" he cried "that will not do,
I want nor song nor money,
Your song is very sweet, 'tis true,
I want a kiss, my honey!"

"Nay, nay! my friend! your words said she
"Of boldness much they savour,
To pull me out was Charity
But kissing goes by favour!"

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY





"It seems strange, very strange indeed," remarked Mr. Golightly, the respected rector of Winkleton, as he sat down to breakfast, "but do what I will, I cannot keep a curate. The place is one of the healthiest in all England, yet one after another they seem to be suddenly taken ill and declare they must go. Heaven knows what ails them, I don't."

"Is Mr. Jones thinking of leaving you, papa?" inquired his daughter, with an air of apparent surprise, helping herself to the liver wing of a spring chicken; Miss Golightly's appetite always being excellent, and her digestion as perfect as her appearance.

Though little more than "sweet seventeen," Miss Eva Golightly possessed a perfectly full-grown faculty for flirting; and, although hiding this particular talent on occasions, she by no means allowed it to remain unproductive. It was generally turned to account (behind her father's back) upon the curates; quite a small army of these church militant recruits having already come, seen, been conquered, and marched to the right about by the rector's most talented young daughter. If anything better came in her way, Miss Eva was the better pleased. All was fair game that came to the fair huntress's net, and in all her whole year there was no close time. Of a kaleidoscopic character which suited itself to the eyes of all comers, Eva was "all things to all men." She read her Bible, of course, and felt herself bound to obey the apostolic precepts to the best of

her ability. She charmed the middle-aged by pretty virginal coyness and ingenuous appeals to their mature judgment, and fed the vanity of the more youthful lords of creation with carefully seasoned womanly sweetness; aided in every instance by a skilful pair of large, lustrous, innocent-looking eyes.

Eva's eyes were the big guns in her battery of charms, possessing a repressed brilliance and power in their grey-blue depths, which flashed into life on special occasions, as a kind of guarantee of what they could do when put on their metal. The latest victim of these fatal orbs was the above-mentioned curate, Mr. Jones, to whom Eva had given his *congé* only the day before, after a pathetic *tête-à-tête* in the orchard. But the rector's daughter had been taught not to tell tales out of school; so she never tittle-tattled, not to her father.

"Is he really thinking of leaving?" Eva repeated, looking guilelessly into the face of the unsuspecting rector, and wondering to herself whether that soft-headed John Jones could possibly have told her father anything.

"He is more than thinking of it, my dear, I am sorry to say. He is going almost immediately. I really cannot understand it at all. He seemed so thoroughly satisfied, and we got on so well together."

"Did he give no reason?" asked the young lady, in a sympathising tone of astonishment, that concealed the anxiety with which she awaited her father's answer.

"Oh, yes, of course, such as it was! He said the air here was too bracing; just the same as Brown told me last year as *his* reason for going. Reason! Why, it's no

reason at all. Every sane man knows that this is the mildest climate in the whole of England."

The good man was seriously annoyed. Unhealthy curates were becoming a perfect nuisance. In much perplexity the rector rose from his almost untasted breakfast, and retired to the solitude of his study. But melancholy meditation availed him nothing. So he lighted a cigar to clear his brain, and adjourned to the open air to discuss the question of climate with his old gardener, the weatherwise John Frost.

Six months after this, Mr. Robinson, who had succeeded Mr. Jones, suddenly expressed *his* inability to remain any longer at Winkleton.

"Good heavens! What's the matter with the place?" exclaimed the poor rector, whose eyes were almost the only ones in the parish not yet opened to the true state of the case. "For goodness sake tell me what you have to complain of," he demanded, while from the drawing-room came the plaintive tones of Eva's expressive voice, singing, "Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye!"

"It's the climate. I find it so very trying, and much too—too relaxing," stammered the curate. "I think that my—lungs are affected," he added, with his heart beating like a steam-hammer to the echo of that wailing adieu — "Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye!"

The rector, who was sitting at the writing table in his study, took off his spectacles, and rose abruptly from his seat. It was a matter quite beyond his comprehension. He drew himself up to his full height of six feet and an inch, threw back his broad shoulders, inhaled a long breath, and slowly puffed it out again. And as he so stood it would have been difficult to have found a finer specimen of the good old-fashioned country parson than the Reverend Theophilus Golightly. Although nearly three score years

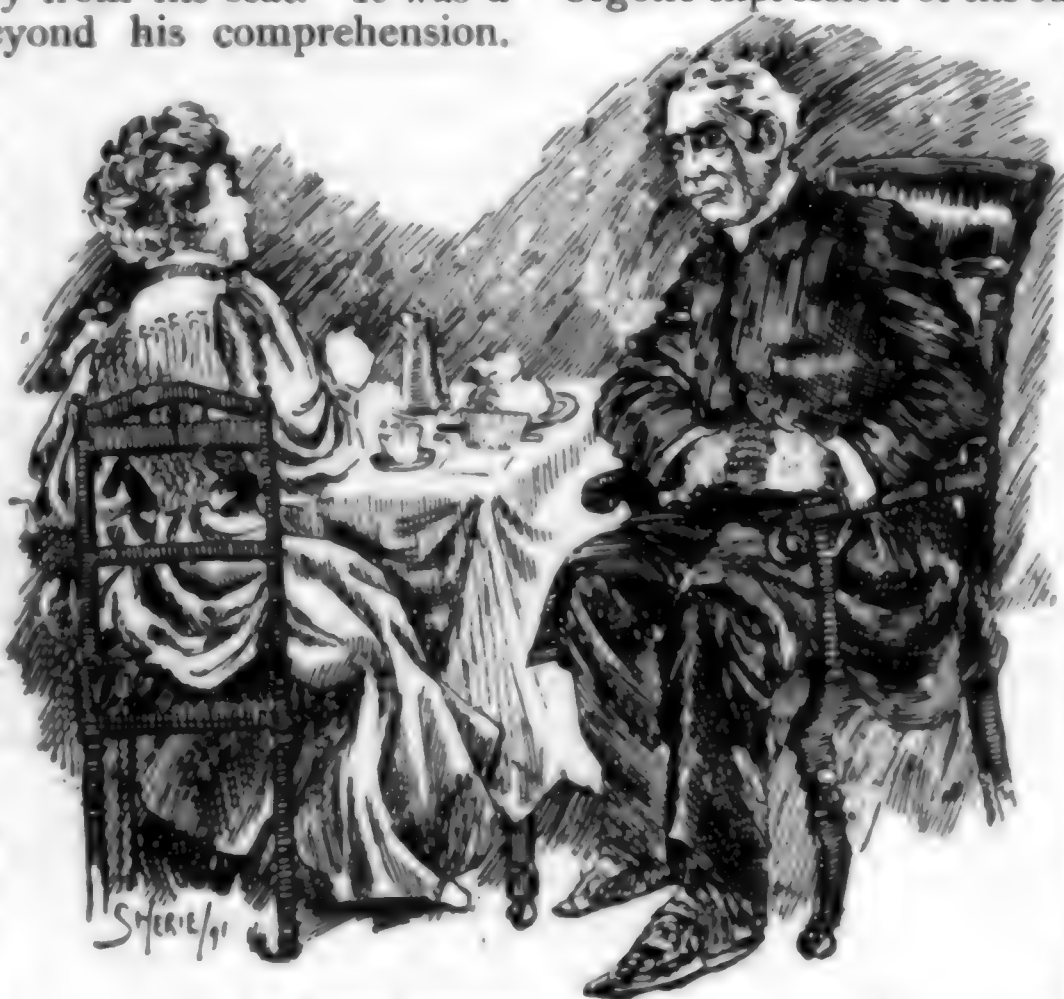
had silvered his wavy hair, they had been powerless to thin it. Time's touch had dealt tenderly with him, and left few traces on the still fresh face. Perfect teeth, black eyebrows, and undimmed dark eyes made the genial rector appear hardly past his prime. He was kindly tempered, and of a placidly cheerful disposition; and his views, like his waistcoat, were broad. He neither believed in quasi-Roman priestcraftism nor "in all the gasses as a means to raise the masses," but simply did his duty; instructing his rustic flock to get their living honestly, and preaching of a better world, and how to get there happily by making the best use of this one. He also practised what he preached, enjoying life like a reasonable Christian gentleman, and being in charity with all men—until the present moment, perhaps, when he felt out of temper with climate-stricken curates. They were becoming the disturbing element of his life.

"Bless me, Robinson!" he cried, polishing his glasses in hopes of seeing things a little clearer, "you find the climate too relaxing, eh? Why, both Brown and Jones declared that it was too bracing!" Then the rector replaced the spectacles on his nose and brought them to bear on the curate.

"I am really very sorry," said that young man, with a suppressed sigh, "but I cannot possibly remain, indeed."

The rector's spectacles were first-class pebbles, and enabled him to discern the woe-begone expression of his subordinate's coun-

tenance; but, being a man, he lacked the feminine faculty of seeing beneath the surface. To woman only is it allowed to see what is not visible, and the cardiac complications of his curate were too deeply seated for the range of the rector's glasses. The idea that his childish-looking daughter had anything to do with the matter never entered even the



"IS MR. JONES THINKING OF LEAVING YOU, PAPA?"

outermost cell of his placid brain ; so the Creamshire climate bore the blame, and the rector's mind remained in a fog. He bid Mr. Robinson God-speed to a more propitious atmosphere, concluding that erratic curates must be an unaccountable dispensation of Providence. Then, with a gentle groan, he sat down at his desk and advertised for a curate "in sound health."

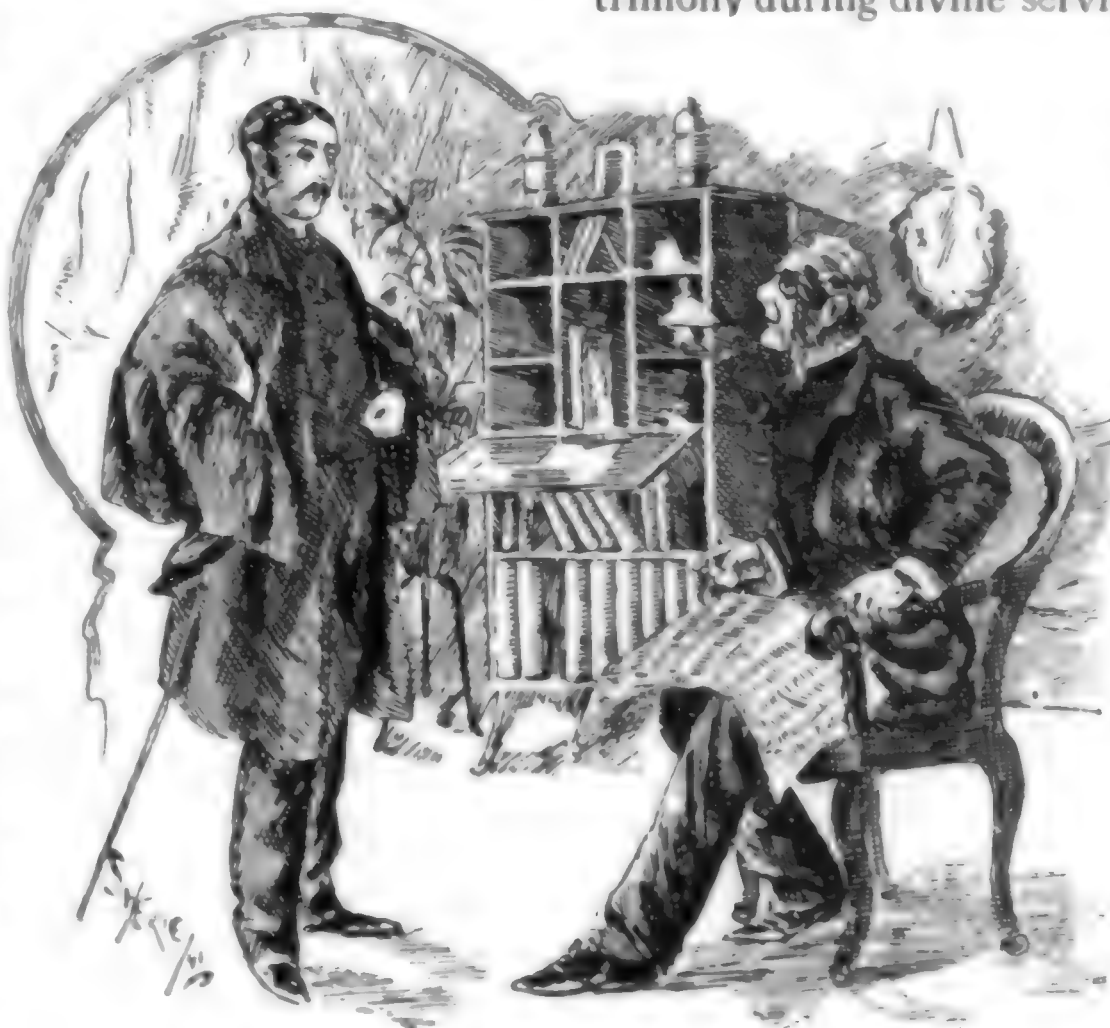
In due course came a Mr. Wright, whose bright, honest, sunburnt face and wiry little figure gave every promise of an excellent constitution. A few weeks later, when the new curate and his mother were dining at

the rectory and the cloth was being removed, the rector referred to the subject. Mr. Wright declared the Winkleton air to be the sweetest he had ever breathed, and, with an admiring glance at the fair young hostess, added that it was exactly the sort that suited him. The curate's mother looked suddenly grave. Her experienced eyes thoroughly

comprehended what covert power lay in Miss Eva's innocent orbs, and behind those softly feline *pattes de velours*, and the good old lady felt uncomfortable ; for Caleb, the curate, was her only child, and she was a widow. But the rector was delighted. With a face beaming satisfaction he murmured a fervent grace for the good dinner and every other blessing, and ordered the butler to bring a bottle of the '47 port. The worthy parson's contentment was, however, of but short duration. Caleb Wright gradually grew pale and dejected, looking as though the Winkleton air, or some vital constituent, had turned sour. He never again expatiated on its sweetness, at all events, and the rector began to be troubled. But Caleb was of different stuff to his predecessors. He had, of course, fallen in love with Eva, whom

he regarded as a perfect parish pattern—receptive, responsive, and truly sympathetic with all worldly woes ; and when he proposed and was bewitchingly refused, the curate felt convinced that the conscientious Eva had sacrificed earthly happiness to filial duty. So he resolved to combat and finally overcome what he conceived to be her too sensitive scrupulousness. He stuck to his post, did his duty to the parishioners, and his devoirs to his mistress, like a man. And so matters progressed until a certain Sunday morning in June, when Miss Golightly made up her mind as to matrimony during divine service. As the rector

and curate took their places in the Winkleton church "three decker," the little band in the gallery began to tune their instruments. The flute gave a quavering keynote, which the clarionet echoed. The serpent boomed a spasmodic response ; the violoncello squeaked and made such curious noises that a naughty boy laughed



THE RECTOR BROUGHT HIS SPECTACLES TO BEAR ON THE CURATE.

and had to be reduced to order by a tap on the head from the tail of the serpent. From time immemorial the service had commenced with the introit—"I will arise and go to my Father," &c. ; so the clerk, as usual, now sprang to his feet and led off with "Oi wull hay-raise," the people then all standing up. A late school-mate of the rector's daughter, who was on a visit at the rectory, imagining that it was a west country version of the moring hymn, sang, "Awake my soul," which made no difference whatever ; particularly when all the primeval instruments got thoroughly warmed to their work and the serpent got his second wind. When the time-honoured piece had been satisfactorily brought to a conclusion by the clerk's solo shout of "Thoi zun" (which sounded like an extraneous "Amen" in ancient British) and the congregation had

all disappeared into the depths of the high-sided pews, the clerk was heard to shuffle from his seat and usher some one up the aisle.

"Who can that be?" whispered Eva to her companion, Miss Tofman. For it was evidently a stranger, or Mr. Job Wurms, the clerk, would not have troubled to leave his desk. Another step besides the clerk's could be distinctly heard, as there was no mistaking the latter's. For six days in the week Mr. Wurms was the village cobbler, and his Sunday boots creaked twice as loudly as any other pair in the parish; creaky boots being considered the highest achievement in bucolic boot-making, and Mr. Wurms being the setter of Winkletonian fashion.

"Here he comes!" whispered Eva, feeling sure that the strange step was not that of a woman, and listening with increased interest.

"Hush!" said Miss Tofman softly. "Never mind who it is now."

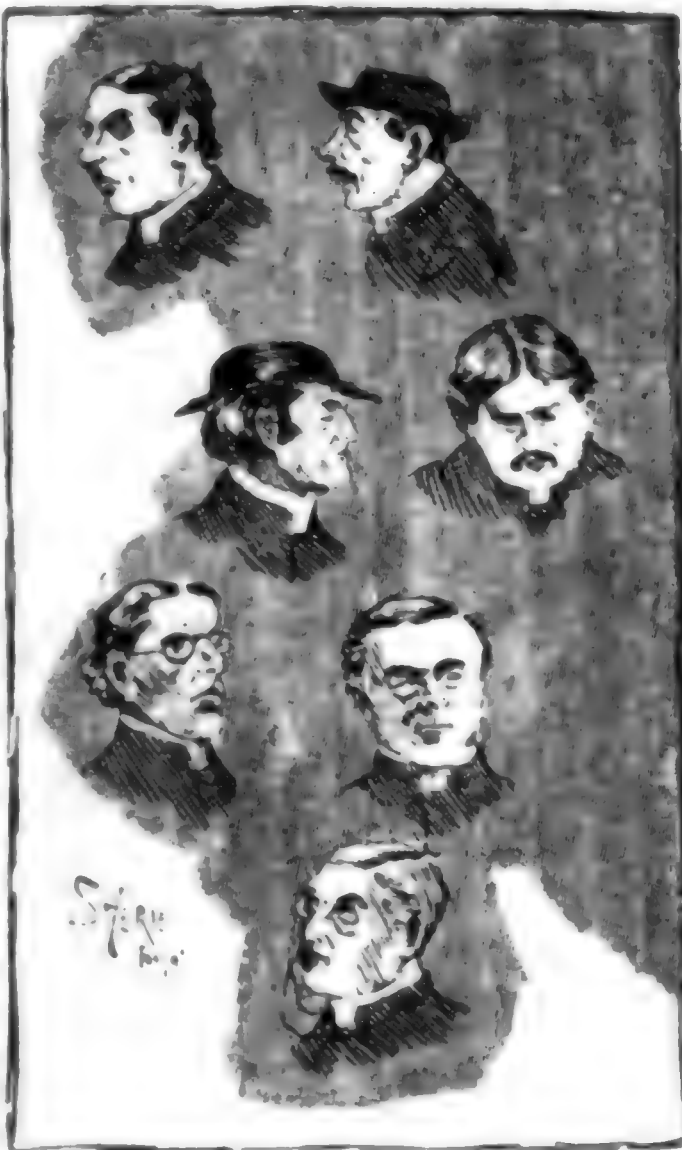
"It's a red-headed man!" exclaimed Eva, in an excited whisper, as the top of a head of hair passed along the summit of the pew side, followed by the ghostly creakings of the clerk, who was much too short to be seen. "And he has gone into the church-warden's — no — into the squire's pew," continued the rector's daughter, listening with perfectly breathless attention. Then they all stood up and became visible to one another. The pew of Mr. St. Aubyn, the Squire of Winkleton, was opposite the rectorial one, and Eva found herself facing a large fat-faced man of about forty, whose lobster-like eyes were instantly fixed admiringly upon the fair young face of his *vis-à-vis*. Nothing of this was unobserved by Eva, while her eyes were devoutly fixed upon the ivory-bound prayer-book in her hand; and as she sang the *Gloria Patri* with the celestial expression of a canonised saint, the little sinner managed to jog her companion's elbow and murmur, "I think it's the old squire's heir." Twelve thousand a

year was not to be lightly despised. So Eva at once made up her mind to marry the squire's middle-aged heir, and sang the "Amen" at the end of the *Gloria* as a finale to her own firm resolve.

Miss Golightly was a determined young woman, though apt sometimes to act impulsively. Her mother, sad to say, had died when Eva was but a baby, and since leaving school the rector's daughter had been left to her own devices. Four weeks from the time she first saw him on that memorable Sunday morning, Eva found herself engaged to be married to Mr. Quayke, the squire's nephew and heir; and also found—to her inexpressible surprise—that

she was in love with the curate, Caleb Wright. How much, therefore, the young lady cared for the man she was about to marry, who was in every way the reverse of honest little Caleb, may easily be imagined. Whether she repented of her bargain was only known to herself. The curate accepted his fate, as usual, like a man. Too humble-minded to even dream of trying to change her mind, he simply kept out of Eva's way, and worked in the parish till his well-knit bones were covered with little more than skin and muscle.

One day, about a week after the engagement, Mr. Quayke called at the rectory to see his *fiancée*, and was informed that she had gone for a walk towards the



SOME WINKLETON CURATES.

sea; so thither the gentleman went in pursuit. Upon a bench on the beach he saw a solitary figure. It was that of Caleb Wright, who had come to gather consolation from his Maker's marvellous handiwork — the glorious, ever-changing sea. Like the harmony of solemn music, its peaceful calm seemed to soothe his soul, and lift him above love-sick thoughts up to a purer atmosphere. So, in abstracted contemplation, he sat silently glorying in the greatness of Nature's mystery; and his heart was comforted, purified and thankful.

Unlike the curate, Mr. Quayke valued Nature not at all. The coast scene of



THE LITTLE BAND IN THE GALLERY BEGAN TO TUNE THEIR PRIMEVAL INSTRUMENTS.

Winkleton Bay was a poetic idyll, beautiful as the daintiest conception of Suckling, Herrick, or Spencer, and Mr. Quayke "whistled for want of thought." He inhaled the fresh ozone-laden air as it was wafted from over the sea, and thought it smelt fishy; so he took a pinch of snuff. And then, with the aid of his big, blue handkerchief and long red nose, he made Nature's echoes resound with noises worse than those of the Winkleton serpent. The nasal blast was terrific evidently, for a succession of screams instantly came from round the corner. Mr. Quayke, who was an arrant coward, cautiously walked to the turn of the road, started back in affright, and then tremblingly advanced, for there, within a few yards of him, was his fairy-like, delicate little *fiancée* struggling in the arms of a burly tramp. Mr. Quayke was a big man, but the tramp was a bigger; so the former approached the latter with much misgiving, and, with a pale face, pompously demanded what was the matter. The ruffian reluctantly released his prey, retreated half a dozen paces, and stood sullenly taking stock of the pale-faced questioner; whom he no doubt summed up in a second or two. Eva, who had made a desperate resistance, as the many well-scored, bleeding scratches on her assaulter's features showed, now sank exhausted on to the road; but still undauntedly facing the foe, with tearless eyes and quivering fingers.

"What has the—the man taken, my

dear?" inquired Mr. Quayke, helping the distressed damsel to her feet, wondering why the scoundrel did not run away, and only wishing that he would show so philosophical a phase of valour.

"Oh, everything!" gasped poor Eva. "My rings—and my brooch—and my dear little watch — and, oh, everything — the wretch!"

"I don't want the lady's things, mister," said the tramp, in answer to the contemplative look of Mr. Quayke. "But she hadn't no money, and I'm nigh on starving. I be main sorry if I hurted the little lady, but she fout most outrageous — nigh a-blinded of me."

This exposition of the tramp's moral and physical difficulties appeared to touch Mr. Quayke's heart. He hurriedly pulled out a bulky purse, and began bargaining with the man, ultimately agreeing to give fifteen shillings for the twenty or thirty pounds' worth of jewellery.

"What! compound a felony, Mr. Quayke!" suddenly cried a voice. And Caleb Wright's attenuated little form vaulted over the road wall and walked straight to the tramp. "Give the lady's things back this instant, you robber," said the curate sternly. So unexpected an appearance on the scene of a second opponent startled the scoundrel out of his presence of mind. He turned and fled. Caleb was in excellent condition from hard work; the tramp was not. So the curate caught him before he had got fifty



"OI WULL HAY-ROISE."

recover his courage. "Who be you, I'd like to know? You runs like a sprinter, and you looks like a methody. You baint a p'leece man, be'ee?"

"I belong to the Church militant. Give me those trinkets, or I shall have to make you."

"You! Make me!" cried the tramp scornfully. "No, my little church-milling bantam, nor both of the two of ye," he added, as Eva and her future lord came to within a few paces and stood looking on.

"If I can't run away I can fight, and, dang'ee, I will!"

"Mr. Quayke," said the curate, "it is not seemly for me to enter into a struggle with this man if it can be avoided. Will you oblige me by collaring him on the other side, and we will march him back to the village between us."

"Better let me pay him," suggested Mr. Quayke, once more pulling out his purse and advancing half a pace somewhat doubtfully. "Here, my good man, here's a sovereign for you."

"That is quite out of the question," returned the curate. "Will you kindly do as I have asked, Mr. Quayke, or not?"

Before that "peace-at-any-price" gentleman could get out another excuse, the tramp himself settled the matter. At sight of the gold his hungry eyes had glistened greedily, and the

yards. The tramp swore, and the curate collared him.

"Are you going to give up those things?" asked the little man, quietly.

"I'm dang'd if I be!" growled the big one, who began to re-

curate's decided veto made the robber mad. With a sudden wrench he twisted himself free, hit the curate a nasty blow on the eye, and straightened himself up into pugilistic attitude. Poor Caleb staggered back and nearly fell, with a portion of the tramps' rags in his hand and a big bump on his cheekbone. But he recovered himself in a moment, and, seeing that war was inevitable, deliberately took off his coat and carefully prepared for the fray.

"Oh, Mr. Wright!" cried Eva, coming to the front and leaving Mr. Quayke "all alone in his glory." "Never mind my jewellery. Please come away."

"It is not so much a matter of your jewellery, Miss Golightly, as allowing a robbery to be committed and not doing my utmost to prevent it. Mr. Quayke, will you oblige me by leading Miss Golightly away? You must see, sir, that this is no place for a lady."

"I don't care! He shan't! I won't go! Oh, please, Caleb, don't fight! He's so big!" cried Eva beseechingly.

"I must; I consider it my duty. Will you kindly go?"

"No! I won't, I won't! I'll hold your coat," exclaimed Eva excitedly, taking the

curate's long garment from off his arm and beginning to cry over it the first tears she had yet shed.

"Will you give up that stolen property, robber?" asked Caleb, walking up to the tramp.

"No!" And the burly vagabond rushed at his Church militant opponent, hitting out wildly. The latter dodged nimbly to the right, and, ere the other could recover himself, sent in such a well-planted blow (with all the weight of his body following it) that the big tramp went down on his face like a log, and rolled over on to his side, half stunned and helpless. The curate had been the best light-weight boxer at Cambridge, and was by far the coolest and least surprised of the present party.

"Thank you," he said to Eva, in just his usual quiet tone, as he relieved her of



MR. JOB WURMS, CLERK AND COBELER.

his coat and proceeded to put it on. Then he went to help his fallen foe, who was sitting in the middle of the road, dusty, crest-fallen, and strangely wondering. As the curate approached, the man gazed at him stupidly, shaking his head and muttering to himself. At last he gave vent to his feelings in the peculiar phraseology of his vulgar tongue.

"Dang 'ee!" he said solemnly. "You'm a mighty little 'un! But that were a mos' tremendous whopper, surely!" At which Eva burst into violent laughter, ending in hysterics. But she controlled herself resolutely, and was soon calm enough to discover that it was her intended husband who was supporting her. Instantly she tore herself from his arms and sprang erect, her eyes flashing like diamonds, her cheeks flushing like crimson roses, her expressive lips full of tremulous indignation, and her attitude full of fire and scorn and outraged pride.

"Don't touch me!" she half shrieked to him, with a shiver of loathing. "You great coward, go away from me! Don't speak to me ever again! I hate you!" Mr. Quayke's face was by no means an expressive one, but this energetic address of Miss Golightly's made him look quite surprised; especially as his promised wife turned her back upon him and took no further notice of her future husband whatever. While this private little play was being enacted by the engaged couple, Caleb was collecting the stolen trinkets from the conquered robber, who handed them over one by one with a sorrowful groan over each. The curate, finding that the man was really starving, gave him a few shillings with which to get bed and board at the village inn, and instructed him to call the following morning at the curate's cottage. But the tramp seemed disinclined to depart. There was something he kept trying to say, and he stood fumbling the money and looking



"OH, MR. WRIGHT, NEVER MIND MY JEWELLERY, COME AWAY."

sheepishly at the curate. With a little encouragement, however, he presently managed to disburden himself.

"You've ha' licked me, mister, but I don't bear no malice, not a dang'd mossel," he said at last. "I like 'ee, I do. Would—would 'ee mind shaking hands? I never stole naught afore. Nor I never got licked afore—not by such a dang'd little un!"

Conqueror and conquered shook hands warmly, in the ancient British pump-handle-fashion, and the gratified tramp walked briskly away to a good dinner at the Winkleton inn.

The curate then went to restore Eva her property. All signs of hysteria and tears had left her. She was endowed with many blessings, amongst them being that rare one of being able to cry without showing it. Her delicate little nose never got red, nor her eyelids inflamed. In fact, tears seemed to make her eyes all the brighter. They welled up, trembling for one brief moment on the lids, then falling in passionate drops like a summer shower, leaving no trace. So now, like the smiling calm of a child's face after a tearful squall, Eva's fair young face beamed brighter than ever. She had kept her eyes on the curate, utterly ignoring all the advances of Mr. Quayke. But as Caleb now came to her, the scorn her face had worn for her betrothed melted away,

and the expression entirely changed. With a dazzling brightness in her beautiful eyes, and the sweetest of smiles on her bewitching lips, she rose to meet him. (Coleridge thought that snuff was the final cause of the human nose. So Caleb might well have been excused for thinking that the final cause of Eva's rosy lips was a kiss. But do curates ever think of such things?) That he would have to appear in the pulpit as a messenger of peace with a black eye, obtained in a low, fisticuff fight, troubled the curate but little; but that he had now only one optic with which to behold his beloved was maddening.

"Oh, what a brave man you are, Mr. Wright! How can I ever thank you?" said Eva, in tones trembling with true womanly feeling.

Caleb glanced quickly at the scowling Mr. Quayke, and perhaps the damaged eye made the curate appear to wink. At any rate, Eva instantly added, "Do send that coward away. I will never speak to him again as long as I live."

So Mr. Quayke departed, grinding his teeth, and disappeared from Winkleton.

And Caleb and Eva walked home arm-in-arm. Whether they admired the view in ecstatic silence, or how they otherwise wiled away the time, was never recorded. The distance to the rectory was exactly one mile, and they did it in just one hour and twenty minutes.

Three months later there was a quiet wedding; and now, as Mrs. Caleb Wright can tell you, there is no such person as "Miss Golightly of Winkleton."



CALEB AND EVA WALKED HOME ARM-IN-ARM



By Sir Gilbert Campbell, Bart.



THE sun was just sinking to rest, and throwing a golden hue over tree and bush, meadow and upland, whilst every pool on the shore seemed as if their depths must be filled with sands from the fabled river of Pactolus,

so brilliantly did they glitter in the last rays of departing day.

In a green lane, sheltered from the sea by a low range of hills, which ran along the coast for some miles, the twisted trees upon which showed that when the wild winds did burst from their ocean caves they dashed themselves with intense violence against this rampart of nature's own formation, were a youth and a maiden, lingering beneath the shadow of the hills, as if unwilling to return home and terminate what had evidently been a day of the most perfect enjoyment. They were both in the sweet morning of life, when early illusions had not vanished, when the golden prime of sunset and youth seems to be perpetual, and the storms of winter, and the troubles of old age to be far, far away.

The one sweet topic had ever been on their tongues as they wandered over the breezy uplands, or sought shelter from the almost torrid beams of the sun in the squirrel-haunted wood, and now that one of them at least was so near her home, they found they had as much to say on the topic as when they started.

"Walter," said the girl, as her lover held her hand in his, and gazed into those soft

eyes, which met his with all the fearlessness of love and truth, "I can hardly believe that this is not all some wonderful dream, and that presently I shall awake and find everything vanished, as with a touch of a magician's wand."

"You need not fear that, Amy," answered he, "life has been too cruelly hard to you to give you much time to devote to day dreams. My only wonder is that your step-father, who has such an interest in your remaining single, should have so readily consented to our marriage."

"Why, what reasons can he have, Walter?" replied Amy, opening her eyes in innocent wonder.

"Ten thousand good ones," returned he, with a light laugh. "Have you forgotten



THE ONE SWEET TOPIC

the ten thousand pounds which you inherited from your mother, and which, in the event of your dying unmarried, go to that good man, Mr. Carmel Lilworth, your step-father?"

"You are more versed in the wickedness of the world than I am," answered Amy, with a pleasant little attempt at sarcasm; "but you surely do not think that my step-father would consent to interfere with my happiness for the sake of money?"

"It is a powerful incentive, and Mr. Lilworth is, I dare say, no better and no worse than his neighbours," returned Walter; "but now, my darling, grieved as I am to say it, we must return, for you know I must be back at the Fort by half-past eight."

"That horrible duty always takes you away from me," pouted the girl; "but I suppose you must be obeyed," and placing her hand upon his arm, the lovers moved slowly along the green lane, which was now growing dark with the shadow of the hills.

They had not proceeded very far on their homeward route, when a figure, which had been leaning against a gate, stepped forward and confronted them.

"Why, here is papa!" exclaimed Amy. "You came upon us so suddenly, that really you gave me quite a start."

"I was anxious about you, my darling child," answered Mr. Carmel Lilworth, in soft and mellifluous accents, "and so came to meet you."

"Miss Sherwood is quite safe under my charge," said Walter, a little abruptly.

"I am quite aware that she could not be in better hands," returned Mr. Lilworth, with the same calm suavity of manner;

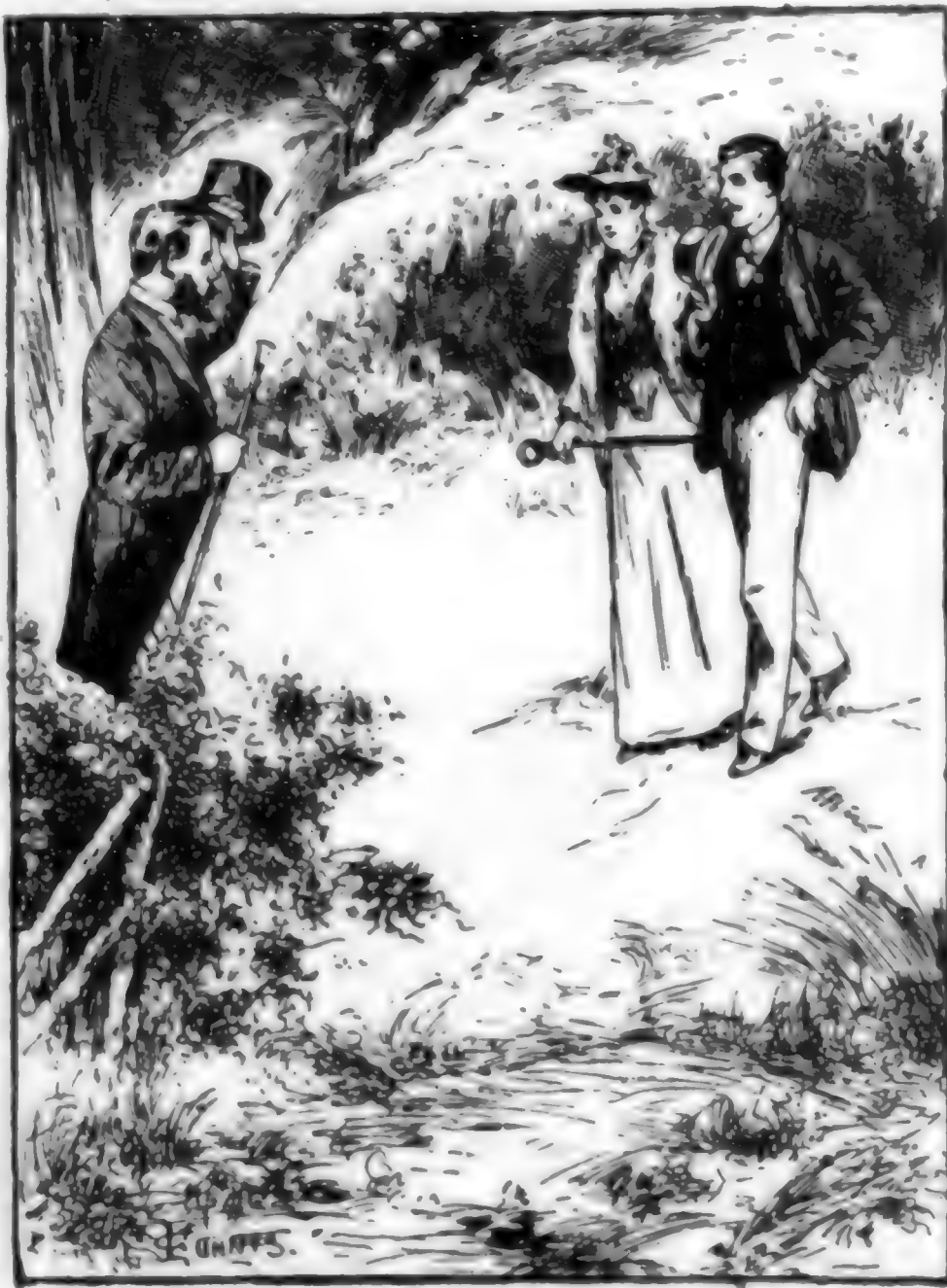
"but engaged young couples do not take into consideration the evening dews, which are proverbially unhealthy."

Mr. Carmel Lilworth was a handsome man of about fifty years of age, carefully dressed, and with not a white hair showing in his well-tended beard and moustache, which were as black as the hue of the garments he invariably affected, and his hands were exquisitely white, and there was a silkiness about his voice which would have charmed the woodland bird from its resting place. In the society in and about Pangton

Rocks, he was voted a most agreeable man by the ladies, and acted as secretary to various institutions in which the female vote carried the day.

The men were not so lavish in their encomiums on him; but even they could find no fault as an excuse for their prejudices, and altogether Carmel Lilworth was what may be termed a highly respectable man.

He had settled down at Pangton Rocks shortly after his wife's death, and had ever since then devoted himself to the care and education of his



MR. CARMEL LILWORTH STEPPED FORWARD.

step-daughter, Amy Sherwood.

Amy was not permitted to go out much, but her step-father was not able to seclude her entirely, and it was at the house of Lady Raxton, who resided at Northerton, that Amy had met Captain Walter Durant, who commanded the battery of artillery quartered at Northerton Fort; and almost immediately a liking sprang up between the young people, and when after some two months' acquaintanceship, Walter asked permission from Carmel Lilworth to pay his addresses to his step-daughter, that gentleman made no objection, merely stipulating

that the marriage should not take place until Amy had come of age, her twenty-first birthday being still some seven months distant.

The little watering place of Pangton Rocks was situated nearly opposite to the larger town of Northerton, on the other side of the bay, which was some three miles in width, and ran inland for a considerable distance. At low water, the tide retired for about a mile, and the sands afforded ample facilities for walking or riding, save on the level end of the bay, where there was a dangerous quicksand. Though the tide retreated so far, yet it would pour in again with the velocity of a mill-race, and woe be to the passenger, mounted or on foot, who was caught by the foaming waters.

Captain Durant was one of those who had failed to appreciate Mr. Carmel Lilworth, so when he found that there was no further chance of a *tête-à-tête* with Amy, he prepared to take his leave.

"What! going already, Captain Durant," remarked Lilworth, with the invariable smile beaming on his face, "will you not come home and dine with us, though I fear our fare will be but scanty, as my little house-keeper has been playing truant all day."

"No, thank you," replied the Captain, "I must get back to the Fort; by the way, Amy, I quite forgot to hand you this note which Lady Raxton commissioned me to give you."

"Dear me," murmured Mr. Lilworth, in a sort of sympathetic aside. "Two young hearts so wrapped up in each other that they forget the outer world, and all belonging to it."

Walter glanced sharply at the speaker, to see if his words were ironical, but the face of Carmel Lilworth was perfectly inscrutable.

"Oh, papa," exclaimed Amy, who, in spite of the fading light, had contrived

to make out the contents of the letter, "is not this kind of Lady Raxton. A large party is going to ride over to the ruins of Glyndoch Abbey on Thursday, and she has asked me to come over to-morrow evening and sleep the night, so as to be able to start early the next day, and adds, in a postscript, that there will be a stall at Sunbeam's disposal."

Sunbeam was a little black pony which Amy believed in greatly, and which, with its pretty mistress, was well-known in Pangton Rocks and its neighbourhood.

"I suppose you are going to be one of this party," remarked Carmel Lilworth, turning towards Walter Durant.

"I have received an invitation, but I declined to accept it until—"

"Until you knew whether Miss Sherwood would be of the party," suggested Mr. Lilworth, with the faintest approach to a sneer playing round the corner of his mouth.

Captain Durant made no reply, and Lilworth continued, "I suppose, as a devoted lover, you will escort Miss Sherwood to Lady Raxton's to-morrow?"

"Nothing would have given me greater pleasure," answered the captain, but the general is coming over to inspect my battery to-morrow, and I shall not have a moment to myself."

This intelligence rather seemed to please

Mr. Lilworth, but he merely replied, "Then Amy will have to do the best she can for herself, as I have all the accounts of the Female Benevolent Society to go through. Well, as you will not come in, I must say good-bye, for the dew is beginning to fall, and rheumatism is not a thing to be trifled with at my age."

He drew his step-daughter's arm within his own, and raising his hat to Walter, moved away in the direction of the pretty little cottage he occupied, whilst Amy, turning her head, watched the retreating form



THE ACCOUNTS OF THE MARINERS' REST ASSOCIATION.

of her lover until it was lost to view in the shades of evening.

The next morning Amy was up with the lark, packing up certain portions of feminine finery which had to be sent on by the carrier to Raxton Hall. Then, like a little fairy, she flitted about the house, giving various domestic orders; then came the feeding of the chickens and pigeons, the visit to the stables with Sunbeam's matutinal piece of bread, and lastly, a good long look at Walter's photograph, which occupied the post of honor on a little table in the window.

"Dear fellow," murmured she, "I hope the inspection will go off all right. I am sure if the general is not satisfied he must be a cross old thing, for I think the men looked simply lovely the last time I saw them on parade. What a funny old place the Fort is, standing so close to the sea, that in stormy weather, Walter says, the waves break against it in sheets of foam. I don't think I should like that," she added, with a faint shudder; "somehow or other, I am afraid of the sea, unless it is very calm, and cannot bear to see those great breakers with their crests of foam come rolling in. Ah, well, I suppose I shall not always live in a sea-side place. Why, there is papa calling me; I wonder what he can want?"

Mr. Carmel Lilworth was in one of his extremely affectionate moods (his detractors called them maudlin ones), and could hardly find sufficient terms of endearment to lavish on his step-daughter. "My precious," said he, "and so you are absolutely going to leave me for nearly two whole days; but I must resign myself to it, for soon I shall be altogether alone. Well, well; I must not repine at my lot as long as it ensures your happiness, my dear child."

"Is there anything I can do for you, papa?" asked Amy.

"I have been so long accustomed to your quick eyes, and nimble fingers," sighed Mr. Lilworth, "that I can hardly realize the fact, that within a few months I shall be bereft of them, but I must school myself to bear the trial, as best I may."

"Do not talk like that papa, or you will make me quite unhappy," answered Amy; "at any rate let me be of as much use as I can to you whilst I am here. Now then,

command the services of your slave."

"I cannot remember where I put those letters from the Countess of Gloucester, the President of the Ladies' Committee of the Marine Hospital," said Mr. Lilworth.

This necessitated a long hunt, but at length the lost letters were discovered in a most unlikely place.

"Dear me, my poor head," murmured Carmel Lilworth, placing his white hand to his forehead; "what could I have been thinking of?"

"And now for the next Herculean feat, papa," said Amy.

"The accounts of the Aged Mariners' Rest Association," said Mr. Lilworth, softly, "and, if you

can spare the time, I think you could read these out to me, for my eyes swim sadly."

This was a long task, yet never had Amy found her step-father so particular, and exacting. Nearly every account had to be gone through twice, and, in many cases, drawer after drawer had to be examined in search of vouchers, so that by the time the task was concluded, the bell rang for lunch.

"I fear that I have over-taxed you sadly, my dear child," remarked Carmel Lilworth, as he languidly toyed with a slice of *pate de foie gras*, for it may be noted that a



HE DASHED THE GLASSES TO THE GROUND.



THE FOAM-CRESTED BILLOWS ROLLED IN WITH INTENSE VELOCITY AND COVERED THE SANDS.

fondness for the good things of this life was amongst the respectable man's weaknesses.

"Not at all, papa; you know how glad I always am to help you," replied the girl.

"Talking of helping, my sweet angel, suppose you give me just another glass of Hochheimer," broke in Carmel Lilworth; "and now," he continued, as he raised the glass to his lips, "tell me what you intend doing with yourself this afternoon?"

"I thought of dressing, and making a start for Raxton Hall, that is, if you did not want me," said Amy, peeling a ripe peach, and placing it upon her step-father's plate.

"Why, you surely do not want to get there so early," exclaimed Mr. Lilworth, with an air of surprise. "It is only an hour's canter at best."

"Ah, but that is by crossing the bay, papa," answered Amy, "and Walter does not like me to do that."

"And so you are going to broil for three hours, at least, on a country road," replied her step-father, "because Captain Durant has some fancy or another about the passage of the sands being a dangerous one; you are very docile; I wonder if you will be as obedient to his slightest hints when you are his wife. Ah me! marriage changes folks very strangely sometimes. But, there is plenty of time still, and I have not even touched the accounts and correspondence of the Female Provident Association. I

fear that as you must go, I shall be compelled to defer them until another day."

"I will help you, papa," answered Amy, a little ruefully, for she had looked forward to getting over early to Raxton Hall, and having a long talk with her hostess, over a cup of tea.

"There is a dear, good child; ah! what shall I do, when I lose you?" sighed Carmel Lilworth, raising a delicately scented handkerchief to his eyes.

If, however, Carmel Lilworth had been fidgetty over the accounts of the Aged Mariners' Rest Association, he was doubly so with regard to the Female Benevolent, and it was nearly six before Amy, with swollen eyes and aching head, saw the end of her task.

"You are fretting at being late, my child," said her step-father tenderly; "be guided by me this time, and take the road across the bay; that will give you ample time, and I promise I will not betray your disobedience to Captain Durant. There, run away, and put on your habit, whilst I give orders about Sunbeam."

"But I am so afraid of being caught by the tide," pleaded Amy. "When does it begin to come in?"

Carmel Lilworth took out his watch—an elaborate gold one, which had been presented to him in recognition of his services as secretary to some charitable institution. "The tide will not turn until twenty

minutes past seven," said he, "so that you have ample time."

"I thought the tide came in much earlier," said Amy.

"You silly, little puss," returned her step-father, "as if I should risk your precious life by talking about a matter of which I was ignorant—there, run away, and I will go to the stables."

Amy was not long in donning her equestrian costume, and, on descending from her room, found Carmel Lilworth walking Sunbeam up and down before the front door.

"You see, dear child," he whispered, "that the bay is quite dry, and you have plenty of time; I would not ride too hard, if I were you, for it seemed to me as if Sunbeam's feet were a little tender, and I should not like him to be lame to-morrow."

He lifted her into the saddle as he spoke, and waved a cheery good-bye to her as she rode slowly down the sandy lane which led to the bay.

As soon, however, as she had fairly made a start, the smile vanished from his face, and was succeeded by a shadow of the deepest anxiety. "Unless some meddling fool interferes," muttered he, "I have done it this time, and the little brat's ten thousand pounds are as good as in my pocket."

He returned hastily to his study, and furnishing himself with a pair of binoculars, took up a position in the upper part of the garden, whence a view of the sands of the bay could be obtained. For nearly half an hour he remained on the watch, when all at once he dashed the glasses to the ground with a blasphemous oath, which sounded strangely from the

lips of so good a man, and returned to the house.

Meanwhile, Amy had proceeded contentedly on her way. Mindful of her step-father's remarks regarding the tenderness of Sunbeam's feet, she rode very slowly, and had got some distance into the bay before she noticed how very wet the sands were, and how large shallow pools of water had formed on the surface here and there. Some shrimping lads, who were hurrying away towards the shore, shouted out some-

thing to her, but she could not catch the drift of their remarks, and concluded that they were only addressing some rough joke to her, and her mind would have been completely at ease had it not been for Sunbeam's strange behaviour. That ordinarily docile little animal had thrust its ears forward as if he was intently listening to some distant sound, and was bearing upon the bit in a manner to which his young mistress was entirely unaccustomed. At the same time he stopped short, and planting his forefeet in the



"SELF-CONVICTED MURDERER," CRIED THE YOUNG OFFICER.

sand, obstinately refused to stir another step.

A hollow, booming sound, which apparently came from the mouth of the bay, caused the affrighted girl to turn her eyes in that direction, and her fears were increased by the sight of the foam-crested billows rolling in with intense velocity.

A flood of water, about an inch in depth, began slowly to cover the sands, which began to quake and shiver as if they were about to crumble away before the inroads of the ocean.

Mechanically, Amy endeavoured to turn her pony's head, but the little animal was paralysed with affright, and, disregarding the

pressure of the bit, remained still as a statue, glaring at the approaching death, and occasionally uttering a loud snort of terror.

Faster and faster the tide came in ; the bay was now a moving mass of sand and water, and the salt spray wetted the cheek of the helpless girl as the cruel, creeping water foamed above Sunbeam's knees.

Amy cast a wild glance around her ; behind were the white walls of the cottage she had so recently left, and, in front, the dark outline of the Fort, where her lover was, perhaps, sitting in his quarters, utterly unconscious of the dangers impending over the woman he loved. Another and a larger billow rolled in, making Sunbeam stagger, and wetting his rider from head to foot.

Amy bent her head, and breathed a prayer to heaven for help, for she felt that she was now beyond the aid of man.

The inspection had been got over much quicker than Walter Durant had anticipated. Everything went like clockwork, and the General, on leaving, complimented the Captain on the efficient state of his battery. Throwing off his tunic, and donning a shooting coat, Walter Durant was debating the best way of passing the time, for he dared not make his appearance at Raxton Hall until the dinner hour. Lighting a cigar, he strolled up on to the flat roof of his quarters, from which a view of Pang-ton Rocks, on the other side of the bay, could be obtained, and fixed his eyes upon the white walls of the cottage, which, however, he did not imagine at that moment, formed a shrine for his idol.

Scarcely, however, had he been more than a few minutes on the roof, than he uttered a loud exclamation of alarm, and running to the low parapet, craned over it, shading his eyes with his hands.

Apparently, he was satisfied that he had made no mistake, for with a face pale with terror, he dashed down the steps, and made directly for the stable.

Thrusting the astonished bātmān aside, he snatched a watering-bridle from the wall, and, with feverish anxiety, adjusted it on Red Lancer's head, then leading the powerful charger out, he sprang on to his back, and urged him down the slope which led to the bay.

The booming of the waves as they rolled in sounded like so many death-knells in his ears, whilst the screaming of the sea-birds seemed to shape itself into a funeral dirge.

With a bound, the great chestnut charger plunged in, sending showers of sand and foam flying around him. The water soon deepened, and, with a snort of defiance, he began to swim, breasting the billows gallantly as they broke against him.

"I may yet be in time to save her," murmured Walter as he threw aside his coat. "How could she venture to cross the bay, when the tide was coming in."

Fiercer grew the waves, and more powerful the force of the water, but Red Lancer swam steadily on, obeying every movement of his master's hand.

In vain did Walter Durant strive to catch a second glimpse of the terrible sight which had come upon him with the suddenness of a flash of lightning. He knew, however, that he was on the right course, and at last his voice rang out, piercing the clouds of spray, and rising high above the roar of the breakers: "Amy, my darling, have no fear, I shall be by your side in a moment."

With every nerve on the watch, he waited for the reply, and at last it came, faint, and low: "Thank you, my love, you are true and good, but it is too late."

For the first time in that terrible journey Red Lancer felt the spur, and with a maddened plunge he brought his master alongside of Amy Sherwood, as she was in the act of falling from her pony.

In an instant his arm was round her waist, drawing her on to his charger's back as he turned the gallant animal's head for the journey home.

It was a terribly severe one, for man and horse were equally exhausted, but at last the shore was gained, and a ringing cheer



A RINGING CHEER BURST FROM THE GUNNERS.

burst from the gunners, as they saw their captain come safely to land with his precious charge.

"And see," cried a smart young bombardier, "if the young lady's pony has not taken courage and followed Red Lancer; there he is on the shore, shaking himself like a drowned rat."

Hiring a fly, Walter drove his betrothed straight to Raxton Hall, and handed her over to Lady Raxton, with a few brief words of explanation.

Then, borrowing a horse from the stables, he rode with all speed to Pangton Rocks; and, entering the cottage without being announced, found the master hurriedly packing up whatever property he could lay his hands on.

"Self convicted murderer," cried the

young officer, seizing him by the collar, and shaking him violently. "You are but anticipating my sentence of banishment, and you may thank my desire to spare Amy's feelings, that I do not hand you over to the law."

For a moment, Carmel Lilworth attempted to bluster, but a few words from Walter showed that he had no chance, and so he slunk away, leaving several vacant secretaryships behind him.

A month later there was a marriage in the little church in the park of Raxton Hall, and the general hope of the neighbourhood is that the War Office may not take it into its head to speedily remove Captain, and, as a necessary consequence, Mrs. Durant, from Norchester.





THE MUSIC OF AFRICA.

BY E. GOWING SCOPES.



MR. LETTY.

LET an African explorer or novelist, Stanley or Haggard will do, write up the details, in gory language, of some sickening barbaric custom, and it will produce upon the civilized mind a sense of shuddering thankfulness that we have risen above the

ignorance of these native tribes. Perhaps we have.

In our present highly cultivated state we cover ourselves with clothes, excepting only our handsome faces; walk upon level pavements that the lower classes have laid down for us, and partake of our meals from clean plates, on the strict understanding we do not put our knives to our mouths. Most families keep servants to cook and bring in the meals—it is not decent to do this sort of thing for one's self. The servants, of course, have to feed without assistance, but that cannot be helped, as it is impossible for all to be highly civilized at once. Besides, in our glorious state, there are various gradations

of humanity, some much more advanced than others, and rurally known as "your betters." Naturally, then, these must be waited upon and dressed in silks and broadcloth, otherwise we should not know "t'other from which," as some vulgar person has said.

Truly, now and again, somebody does something wrong, maybe marries some other man's wife, and although it is really no business of ours, we consider it a moral duty to hound them from cultivated society, even to death. This is necessary in order to keep civilization well afloat, otherwise we might go back and be forgetting to put on our clothes, as our forefathers did when England was a mere grass-covered island, with a number of uncultivated old oak trees about, and the inhabitants lived in huts. We must also admit that, even to-day, a man will sometimes slaughter his wife or a wife will boil her offspring, but that is only a little bit of the old Adam that we immediately overcome by handing the evildoer into the custody of a gentleman who has special knowledge of the varied capacities of a few feet of rope. Our medical knowledge is naturally too matured to be led astray by the belief that men and women who do these naughty things must be suffering from some aberration of the mind that possibly might be cured. It is all nonsense. We know our

murderers commit their fearful deeds on purpose, for the mere fun of the thing, and so we Berry them.

There are some weak-minded individuals who have raised the very absurd question as to whether a system of warfare that places a thousand men in an iron boat in order that they may be immediately afterwards blown into fragments by the kindly aid of a torpedo, is quite the best way of feeding the fishes or justifying civilization; in fact, whether it is a very great improvement upon some of the pastimes of barbarism from which we shrink with horror. But such reasoning as this is childish and opposed in principle to the best interests of the country. Civilization towers high above these effeminate thoughts.

Rider Haggard told us in "King Solomon's Mines" of a strange Zulu custom known as "Smelling-out." Readers of that fascinating work, the statements in which no one felt called upon to believe, will remember how the army of Twala, the king, was gathered together in order that the old

witch Gagool and her pupils might perform their ghastly operations. They had to smell out those who harboured evil toward the king; in other words, to spot certain subjects that his supreme highness had a desire to be rid of. As each soldier stood shivering with fear lest he should be the chosen one, the hags danced around in a frenzy of excitement, and with maniacal shouts and signs. One by one they smelt out their prey, and the victim was instantly slaughtered with spear and club, until there was over one hundred mangled bodies lying around.

Such was the story, and I thought no more of it till one day, reading a Cape newspaper, I therein saw a paragraph to the effect that news was to hand of a "smelling-out" celebration among some native tribe up the country. In this instance the medicine-man of the tribe had been the medium, and he had spotted a young girl, who was instantly put to death by perforating her body with seventeen assegais. So, I thought, Rider Haggardism is not all fiction, nor missionary work a need of the past.



"SMELLING OUT."

And I also fell to asking myself: Is there nothing at home that compares with this strange custom? Are there not men among us given to "smelling out" their fellows, and, under the pretext of some social offence, so embittering their victims' best friends that they stab and stab again with a virulence more deadly than poisoned steel? But it is a civilized medicine man, it is the assegai of the tongue and public press.

Again, the matter was forgotten until a few weeks ago. But that is a longer story, and at last leads me to the object of my writing.

Early last month I went north in the hope of inducing some men and their masters to regard one another in any other light than that of fools and thieves. The fact that I am still living will give some idea of the result of my mission.

It was Sunday, a peaceful, Lancashire country town Sunday, when, with others, I sat down to the hotel dinner table. We were waiting, and the waitress was arranging the cutlery in front of a vacant chair. I should have scrutinized any specimen of humanity that had entered at that moment, but the tall, thin figure that appeared, closely buttoned up in a frock coat, and took the vacant chair with a calm "Good morning, gentlemen," was no ordinary specimen. His young, clean-shaven face of marble whiteness, and carefully smoothed hair, made it difficult to guess who or what he was, and it was not till the meal was nigh over that he spoke casually of Africa, and, in response to enquiries, remarked that he had recently arrived from that country, and feared he should soon have to return, as he could not stand the English climate. Later that day I met him again, and we chatted over a pipe in the smoke room.

I then gathered from him that he was a young English engineer, and had gone out to Africa in connection with his profession. For many months he lived near those scenes so graphically described in "Jess," and learned much concerning the Transvaal war. He told me many a strange story that does not fit in very well with ordinary type, but the following is amusing, and Mr. Letty related it with a gusto that did not speak volumes for his love of the Boer.

During the war a report had reached the Boer camp at Heidleburg that an English colonel was expected to try and cross the Vaal river, and thus reach the English

garrison at Pretoria. Soon afterwards the Boer scouts brought into camp a rather tall white man, in plain clothes, whom they had found crossing one of the drifts. Believing it was the colonel in disguise, they had made him a prisoner, and refused to believe his statement that he was an American. He was made a state prisoner and given comfortable quarters, with the right to order any luxury he fancied. They kept him for three months, during which time he was regaled on the fat of the land. However, as no ransom was offered, the Boer chief at last decided to let the "verdommed voinech" go, and he went. Shortly afterwards the Boers discovered, to their great disgust, that the supposed English colonel was none other than a furniture packer, sent out by one of the colonial firms to pack up the sticks at a house in the Transvaal.

In winding up this story my friend remarked that Lord Churchill never wrote home a truer line than when he said "the Boers would be men if they had one spark of intelligence." Mr. Letty then went on to tell how an idea had crossed his mind, in conjunction with one or two other gentlemen, to do something in the way of helping the educated natives; such people as had been brought under the influence of various missionary organizations, and who, in some cases, had reached a high pitch of education. There was a general feeling that if these people could be induced to study in trade and technical schools, it would be founding, in the darkness of Africa, a new means of enlightenment. But the idea of erecting schools immediately involved elaborate outlay of money, and this seemed an almost insurmountable difficulty until the happy thought of bringing to England an African native choir, who should sing to the people of this country in their own strange tongues, and in their own native costume, dawned upon these enterprising young Englishmen as the only solution of the difficulty. As musical men, they knew the value and beauty of the native voice, and immediately set about devising a scheme to gather together a suitable choir.

"We had plenty of applications," said Mr. Letty, "but had to be very careful in the selection. We wanted representatives of the principal southern tribes, people with good moral characters, good education, good musical ability, and as far as possible, good-looking as well."



LADIES OF THE AFRICAN NATIVE CHOIR.

Naturally, large difficulties had to be overcome in order to meet such requirements, but success finally crowned the effort. Men, women and children from the forefront of native intelligence were engaged. They were all able to speak English, some Dutch, and one girl was conversant with no less than five languages. Seven different tribes were represented, and one of the men was a native of Basutoland, who fought against the English army in the Basuto War of 1881. The training of these natives to sing a suitable set of pieces that would make up an English concert hall programme, was a big difficulty, but it was overcome, and the choir set sail for England. They appeared for the first time last June at the City Temple, and their effort was a great success. The choir was immediately in demand at aristocratic garden parties, and their arrival in England reached its height of welcome when Her Majesty expressed a desire to hear these African natives sing.

Speaking of this event, Mr. Letty said that Her Majesty suggested they should

sing in the garden, but as he was afraid they might catch cold by singing out of doors, a state room was placed at their disposal. As the Queen and her household entered, the natives sang "God save the Queen." After they had finished it they threw their heads back and saluted Her Majesty in true Kaffir style, shouting "A! umdlhekazi," which means "hail! your majesty." The Queen then commanded the choir to commence, and when they sang the Kaffir song and dance "we are twins," the two little Kaffir boys, whose sweet faces head this article, stepped out and danced apart, and the Queen was so amused that she laughed heartily the whole time. At the conclusion of the concert a member of the choir addressed Her Majesty in English, after which she requested Sir Henry Ponsonby to point out to her the member of the choir who had fought against her army in the Basuto war. This warrior rose and bowed, and informed Her Majesty, through Sir Henry, that he was now one of her most loyal subjects. The two little boys were also taken

special notice of by the Queen, who questioned them respecting their parentage, names, ages, etc.

Since this royal entertainment, the choir has travelled all round England and will soon be back in London again. The entertainments are conducted by Mr. E. C. Howell, brother to the M.P. for Bethnal Green, and Mr. J. D. Balmer is the musical director and secretary. These gentlemen, with Mr. Letty, are responsible for the movement, and when technical schools are established in South Africa, their names will be remembered.

The items sung by the choir are interesting by virtue of their origin, apart from the capacity displayed in the vocal rendering. I will, therefore, make some mention here of the various pieces sung.

"Ulo Tixo Mkulu," is the first music known to have been sung by Christian Kaffirs, and the original composition of Mtsikana, the first convert amongst the Amaxosa tribe.

"Singame wele" (we are twins), is a song and dance. The natives are exceedingly fond of singing and dancing, and this item is typical of how they spontaneously, and at any time, commence their amusements. The lead is generally taken by a bass voice, but is never begun in exactly the same way.

The choir sing a short story in the Kaffir language, giving a striking illustration of the clicks used in the native tongue. It is adapted to the music of Schumann's "Merry Peasant."

The typical Kaffir wedding song is purely native, and the harmonies have not been, in any way Europeanized; it is sung at the wedding feast by the friends of the bridegroom. The bride, whose sobs can be heard amid the general rejoicing, is finally led away by two of the guests to her husband's "mgwelo" which awaits her. At some of the marriages the festivities are kept up days and nights without cessation.

"Mgwelo engena tentyi" is a wayside Kaffir song and dance. When travelling by bullock waggon in Africa, the oxen are unyoked at intervals and allowed to graze and rest, or are outspanned—as the local term has it. This scene is supposed to take place when the Kaffirs are seated round their fires, awaiting the time for inspanning, whilst the oxen are grazing and the skoff is boiling in the "pot."

"Lutukela" is a duet, composed by a Kaffir. The style of this piece is very popular amongst the natives, they are fond of

accompanying solos with their voices, and, as a rule, take the parts very clearly, without any training whatever.

Kaffirs are very fond of mimicry, and are always ready to pick up anything to imitate. An item entitled the "Kaffir Travesty," is a purely Kaffir song, and is their idea of the English street cry of "Hot Cross Buns!" Its origin is doubtful.

"Molokoda" means good-bye. The natives of South Africa, when travelling in parties, have a singular habit of singing—keeping time to the melody with their feet. Standing upon a hill, you can hear their peculiar chant when the band is miles away. "Molokoda" is a representation of the effect produced by the gradual approach and disappearance of one of these parties, who have just left their kraals to go into the towns in search of employment. Perfect stillness, on the part of the audience, is necessary during the singing of this piece.

"On the Mountain" is a quintette. It was requested that the choir should give a little more English in the programme; this quintette has, therefore, been introduced in response to this request, and to please those who are so fond of their mother tongue.

"Lovedale" is a Kaffir solo with vocal accompaniment. It is another composition of a Kaffir, and describes the beauties of the country surrounding Lovedale College, Cape Colony, where seven of the choir were educated. It is also another illustration of the native fondness for vocally accompanied solos.

"Does anybody here know the Big Baboon?" is a solo and chorus. It was specially composed for the African Native Choir by James Hyde, Esq., King Williamstown (one of the, if not the first musician in South Africa), after he had attended one of their concerts given in his town.

"Africa" is a Kaffir quartette. The *London Times*, in criticising the African Choir Concert, said:—"A quartette, or rather a solo accompanied by three voices, bore so close a resemblance to Rossini's "Cujus animam" that it is difficult to accept it as a specimen of native music at all." But this quartette is the composition of a Kaffir who had never heard of Rossini or his 'Stabat Mater,' and did not dream that such a selection as "Cujus animam" was in existence. It is descriptive of how the natives hum some portions of their songs.

"Good News" is another English piece, but one given in true Kaffir style.

"Send the Light" is a solo and chorus, the words and music having been composed expressly for the European tour of the African Choir, by gentlemen in South Africa who were wishful the enterprise should be a success.

The natives have a good ear for music, and, strange to say, never sing flat, while in their native melodies they always sing F sharp in the key of C. It was while witnessing one of their performances that my mind recurred to the "smelling out" incident I have referred to, and I spoke to Mr. Letty about it. He then told me that on some rare occasions his choir gave a representation of this custom, but as the Kaffir who played the part of the medicine-man grew so terribly excited during the performance, it was only on rare occasions that they dare allow him to go through it. It was while preparing a beautiful group-picture of the choir, for presentation to

Her Majesty, that the Stereoscopic Company made a special picture of the party during the "smelling out" performance, and it was with considerable difficulty that I afterwards induced the Stereoscopic people to permit me to use this illustration. I have also to acknowledge the kindness of their manager in granting me the use of the other pictures here produced.

The object that these natives have in view in coming to England has been well described by a well-known journalist who says: "Their singing is like nothing to which the civilized man has been accustomed, and they constitute a living band of witnesses as to the power of Christian civilization on the raw material of African humanity."

The better one knows these men and women the narrower seems to be the gulf between our high civilization and the low barbaric life which they are supposed to represent.





THE fight of the 14th of August is claimed to have been won both by French and Germans. It cannot be denied, however, that the latter rested that night on the greater part of the field occupied by the French in the morning. As Mère Crimée and Boute-en-train pushed towards the brook in the waning day, it was plain to them that their friends had suffered a repulse, but that repulse was no flight. They were retiring slowly, and most of them by this must have gained the unassailable shelter of the outlying forts of Metz on the east.

All wounded men are tormented by thirst, and to the brook, those who could, had crawled to bathe their limbs or to drink. But it was no longer a limped purl of water, but a puddle, mud-stained and crimson-streaked. They waded through it and paused on the other side for rest and to concert what had best be done. Boute-en-train would like to cool his injured foot in the stream, and Mère Crimée was anxious to bandage it more skilfully than he had done, until such time as they would meet a

surgeon. But no surgeon was near. She presumed they had more urgent cases to minister to elsewhere.

"I do not understand this," she said; "our men fought well, but I fancy we must have been cheated into action. Where were we going?"

"Crossing into Prussia, I suppose," said Boute-en-train, "isn't it somewhere in that direction?"

"Tut, tut, boy, we should have advanced in greater force. Besides, we should have had provisions and transport with us if we were moving towards that point of the compass. Hum! I can't make out Bazaine."

"Isn't he a clever general, Mère?"

"Yes, he must be, or he wouldn't be a Marshal of France, but is he straight? I never did like him, least of all since he left his first wife's sister to die a pauper in Tlemcen last year."

"Pshaw! gossip always talks ill of those in high places. That may be only scandal."

"It is truth," said Mère Crimée, "for I know it. There's no smoke without fire."

"I wish we were near a fire now, for I am beginning to feel jolly cold."

"Yes, my poor lad, you are; you were hot a while ago. You are feverish. Does the wound pain?"

"Smarts a little, but I don't mind that."

"Have a drop out of my keg; you are faint. You had better rest here until I get some assistance," and she looked around on the undulating soil for some turfy bank,



THE WOUNDED CRAWLED TO THE BROOK.

whereon she could set the boy-soldier in an easy position.

It must not be supposed that they were alone. The ground bore all the traces of recent events in trampled grass, split trees, prostrate hop-poles, strewn knapsacks and képis, dead bodies of men or horses, shell-craters, blood-pools, and that most painful of all sights of the battlefield, those who were mortally wounded, and to whom it was considered waste of time and labour to pay attention. Some who were less severely hit had dragged themselves to remote spots under bushes or in the hop fields, where they were out of the line of moving troops. War brings out many noble qualities, but it is only too true that it develops the selfishness of human nature, and a strange callousness to the sufferings of others. It must be remembered that the front covered five and-a-half English miles; and, as the French were almost devoid of organized sick-bearers, and had no proper ambulance train, a multitude of unfortunates had to be abandoned to their fate.

But our pair had now reached a portion of the ground to which few of the Prussians had penetrated. The scene of closer struggle in the woods lay behind them; the fire had dropped, and they were in comparative safety. At last, Mère Crimée discovered a cosy spot, and helped to free Boute-en-train of his knapsack, which she had arranged as a pillow under his head, when she caught

sight of a bare-headed figure stretched at a few yards' distance, in the lee of a drum.

"You must not be disturbed by ugly neighbours," she said, "you'll get accustomed to them before the campaign is over."

"All right, mother, don't bother about me," said the boy, turning to look whither he had noticed her gazing, and starting. "Hola!" he cried, "It is one of the enemy, he's in Prussian uniform."

The keen sight of the sharp-shooter had detected what had escaped the cursory glance of the cantinière.

"Hum, I believe you are right. He must have been brave to have got so far," and she moved over to ascertain if he were really dead—perhaps to search his pockets, that is legitimate—but, let us hope with more womanly motive.

He lay on his back, a flaxen-haired beardless youth with refined features, sunburnt, but bloodless. His eyes were closed, but a sweet expression curtained his still face, and his lips were parted in a smile, as if his thoughts had been fixed on things pleasant and endeared.

"Some mother's son," said the kindly cantinière; "he's pretty enough to kiss, although he is a Prussian."

Something in his appearance struck her with the idea that he might be living, and she bent over him and applied an ear to his breast to try if she could discern a heartbeat. No. She would open his tunic; there might still be some flutter of animation left. As

she was undoing the buttons, his lids lifted, disclosing such soft blue eyes, and he murmured: "*Wasser.*"

Mère Crimée understood him; she had heard wounded Austrians in Lombardy, but she had no water that could be used. In the emergency she fell back on the sovereign panacea in the brandy-keg, and poured a few drops into his mouth. The effect was miraculous. He revived, the soft blue eyes smiled thanks, and then grew misty as he groaned.

"*Courage, mon ami,*" she said, and only then seeming to collect his senses and realize where he was, and that this was one of the foe, he made visible efforts to repress every token of anguish. While he had been in a swoon he was unconscious of suffering, but with the restoration of vitality came the sensitiveness to pain.

"Thanks," said he, in perfect French, "I must have fainted from loss of blood," and he put his hand to his left knee.

"You will be better by-and-by. Let me see your wound."

He blushed, but Mère Crimée, with a rough tenderness, said the battle-field was no place for boarding-school manners, quickly bared his leg—she rightly conjectured that his hand had sought the seat of hurt—and discovered that his boot was almost as full of his life-stream as if it had been poured into it from a kettle. But the wound, she imagined, was not dangerous, if properly treated. There was still a thin trickle of the crimson fluid through the coagulated cake over the bullet-hole. From her ample pockets she produced linen, which she tore into strips and bound over the knee, made a tourniquet with a drum stick, and fastened the rude but effectual appliance in position with the tri-colour ribbon off her hat.

"Now you will bleed no more," she said, and she took up the boy in her strong arms and carried him to where Boute-en-train lay, and placed him reclining beside him.

"There is a comrade until I return."

"I don't speak Prussian," said Boute-en-train, rather surlily.

"I speak French," said the German.

"I suppose you were a waiter in Paris a few weeks

ago," continued the 81st man; "that's what the Prussians are, not soldiers."

"I never was a waiter; but if my people are good waiters, taken singly, you will find they may become good masters when together."

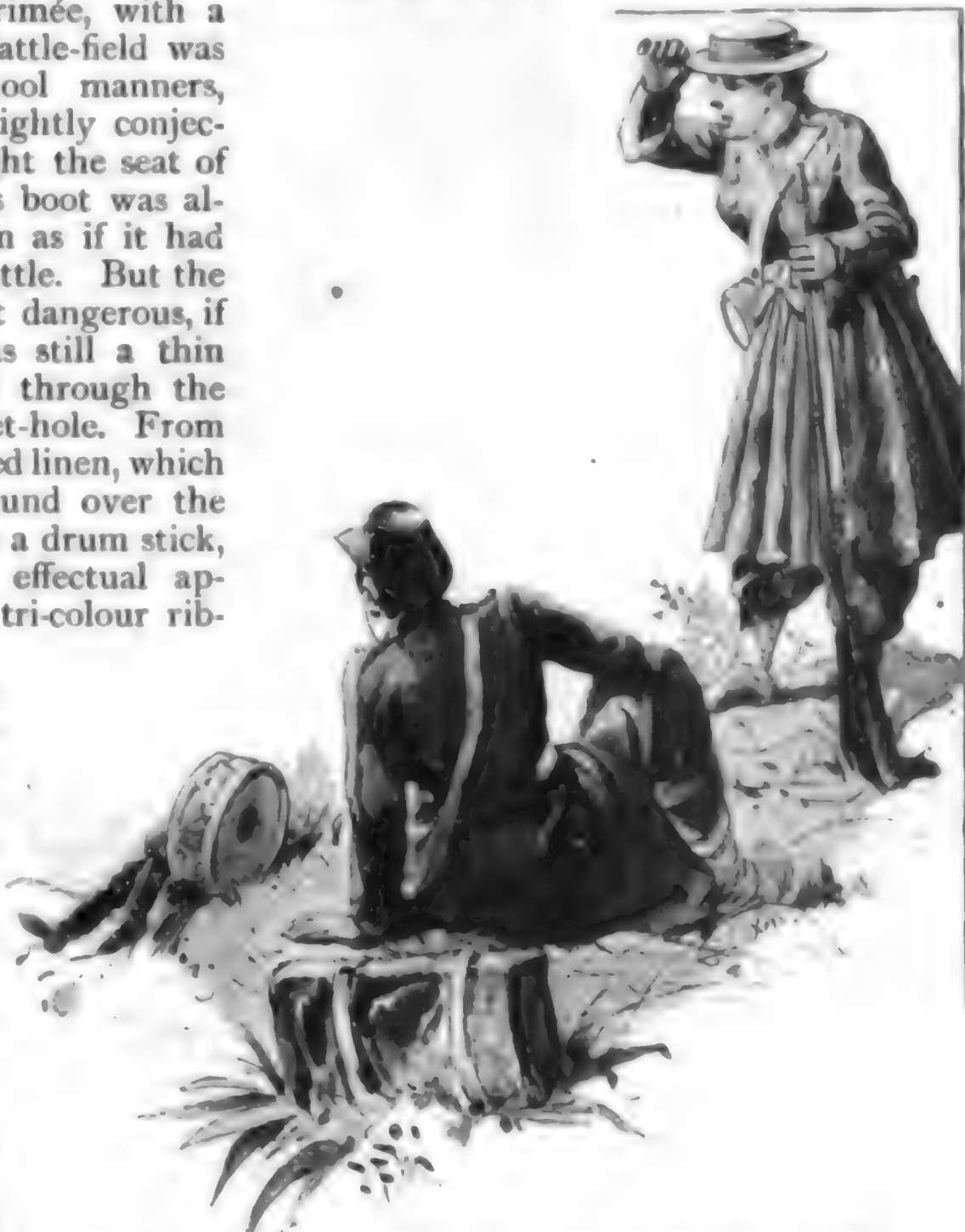
"Silence," interposed Mère Crimée. "Do you want to renew the battle on your own account? Hold your tongue, Boute-en-train, and recollect when soldiers are wounded, truce is sounded. But this is your first campaign."

"Well, he's no veteran. I'm sure I'm as good-tempered as anything when I am let alone; but what right has he to insult me?"

"I am sorry," said the Prussian, "but I did not mean to insult you by saying I spoke French."

"Well, I accept your apology. I suppose it's the pain in my foot makes me peevish."

The German's only comment was to offer him a cigar. The Frenchman took it with unconcealed pleasure, instinctively bowed, and lit it.



MÈRE CRIMÉE SAW A BARE-HEADED FIGURE IN THE LEE OF A DRUM

"That is better," said Mère Crimée. "I shall leave you, and trust me to be back with aid the moment I fetch up with those rascals of the 81st, and that plague of my life, Marengo."

But the campaigner of the Crimea and Italy was a woman of resource, and before she quitted them she gathered watch-coats and horse-cloths to cover them, and going farther a-field was lucky enough to find a bottle of red wine and some food in the courier-bag of a slain officer. Leaving them heartily eating, she betook herself towards Fort Queuleu, enjoining them not to fall out.

"Our *kranken-träger*s ought soon be here," said the German.

"Who are they?"

And then it was explained to Boute-en-train that they were the detachment in the German army employed to carry the wounded on stretchers to the field hospitals.

"But you are in our lines," said the Frenchman.

"What! Are we beaten? Who has gained the day?" exclaimed the German with an air of incredulity and consternation.

Boute-en-train could not help laughing for a moment. As soon as he had out his laugh, he resumed, gravely, "It is a drawn battle; but they are sure to renew it as soon as I am able to take a hand in it again."

Now it was the German's turn, and he smiled, but suddenly stopped and uttered an ejaculation of dismay.

"Is your wound stinging you again?"

"No; but I fear I have broken my specs."

"Your specs!"

And Boute-en-train was surprised to see his companion take a pair of spectacles out of a side pocket, wipe them with his pocket handkerchief, and put them on.

"I am so glad they are all right. I must have lost a pair; but we have to carry two."

The Frenchman was amazed. "I have seen some of our officers with a pince-nez, or an eye-glass, but nobody but professors carry these with us."

"I wore a pince-nez once and was hit over the knuckles for it. It is contrary to regulation. Von Moltke and von Goeben wear specs, and they are good generals of ours."

"Your shoulder-strap is not like the others. It is black and white. What does that mean?"

"That I am a volunteer. I am only eighteen."

"My age. I am not a conscript either. I was born a soldier."

"In Prussia we have to be trained to be soldiers."

"I suppose so. Everyone cannot be a Frenchman. What is your name?"

"Albert Wolff. And yours?"

"Jean Leloup."

"Leloup! Why, that is the same as mine in French. We are of the same name."

This was a famous discovery, and the Frenchman opened wide his eyes and began to feel friendly, but as if resenting that his

name should have aught of kinship with the Prussians in it, he added: "they call me Boute-en-train in the regiment."

"We have light still to read," said Wolff, producing a book from the pocket which had contained the spectacles.

"What is that; a song-book?"

"No, a book of hymns."

Stupefaction of the young Frenchman. Here was a people who went to war in spectacles and carried hymn books with them into action!

But it was too dark to read, and the



MÈRE CRIMÉE CARRIED THE BOY.

German sang in a low musical voice a few verses, which to Boute-en-train, although he understood them not, were soothing as the croon of a cathedral organ. It was a simple vesper hymn, thanking God for His bounty, and praying for His sheltering wing during the hours of dusk.

"It's very nice," said the Frenchman, "but I'm best at a chorus. You should hear us at the 'Marseillaise.' I like something lively. I was learning 'La Belle Dijonnaise,' when we left Paris."

Night fell rapidly, when sounds became more distinct, and now could be heard the baying of dogs still keeping watch over deserted farm-houses, now and then a bugle blast or the neigh of a horse, a quivering cry of agony or a deep curse from some tortured wretch close by, and in the distance the subdued rumble of moving guns and tumbrils, and the muffled thunder of multitudinous shuffling feet. By-and-by shot aloft signal gleams from rockets, and spread abroad the yellow haze from watch-fires, mayhap, from burning homesteads. The landscape had in it the suggestiveness of shrouded activity. There was an undertone, half plaintive, half angry, in the atmosphere.

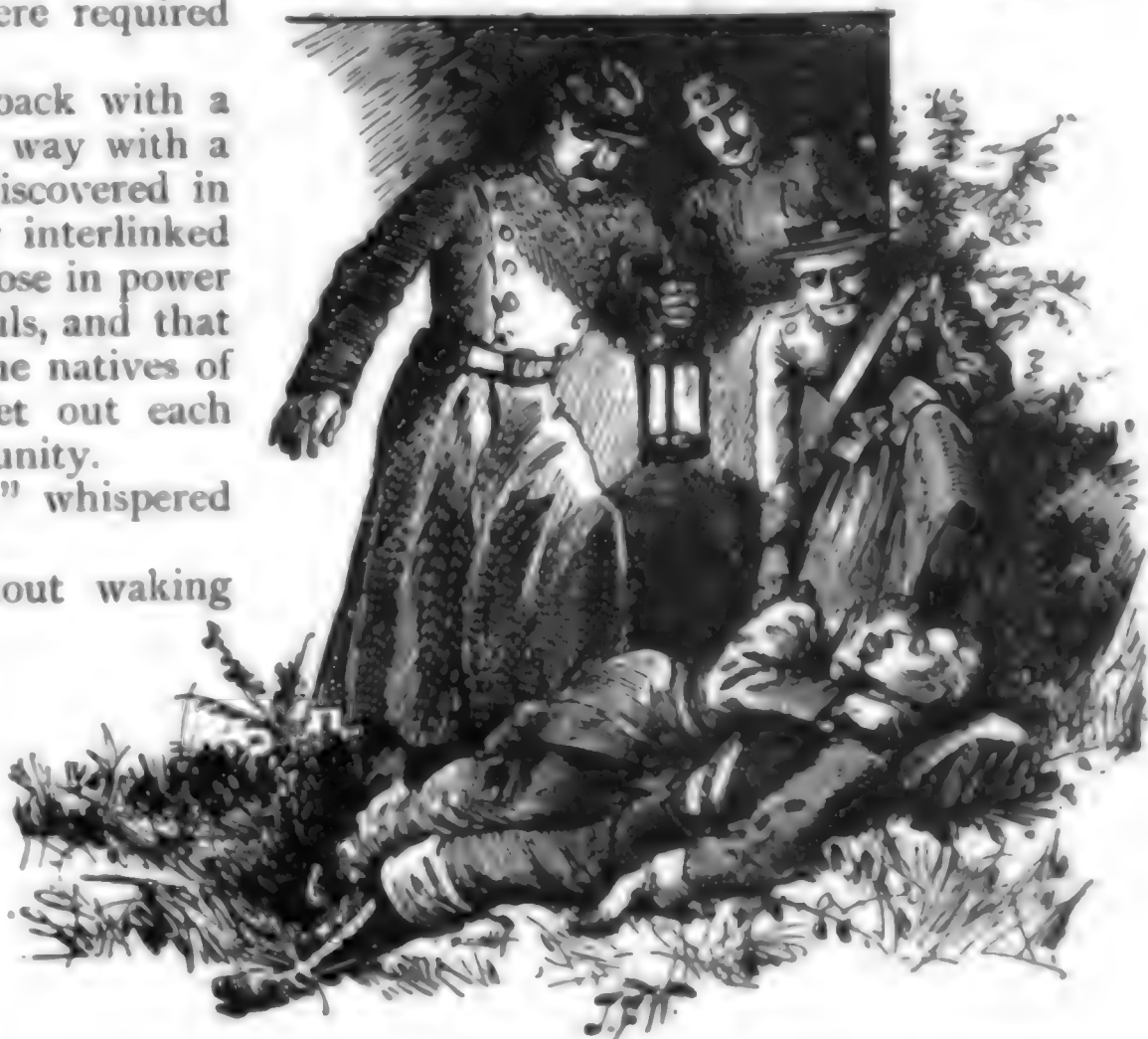
It was eerie, but there were no ghosts to trouble the youngsters. These are few on the battle-plain as in the dissecting room. The pressure of actual horror was too close to allow room for shadows of the imagination. No artificial means were required to congeal the blood.

When Mère Crimée came back with a party of the 81st, picking their way with a lantern, the two boys were discovered in each other's arms, as amicably interlinked as if it were not ordained by those in power that Teutons should hate Gauls, and that it was the bounden duty of the natives of the respective countries to let out each others' souls at the first opportunity.

"The Babes in the Wood," whispered the cantinière.

"We can raise them without waking them," said one of the bearers, and they did, and carried them to Fort Queuleu, where the nearest ambulance had been set up, before they were roused from their profound, almost lethargic sleep. A surgeon examined them, Boute-en-train's wound was pronounced slight, but repose for some days would be imperative.

The German's was worse, the bullet had lodged, as the man of science soon tested by Nélaton's probe; there was a cart going into Metz, both had better be conveyed there. Excessive strain had not yet come upon the hospital accommodation of the fortress, although the day was near when there were more wounded than ambulances. Elsewhere, at Paris for example, there were more ambulances than wounded. The two boys were laid in beds side by side in a well-windowed room, aggressively white in the bare walls, and with floors worn almost as thin as an old sixpence by perpetual scrubbing. Their clothes were put in a box at the foot of their beds, and they were furnished with long night-gowns and night-caps. A stand for their medicines was beside them, and one of the nursing sisters, who belonged to a religious order, provided them with dominoes and a draught-board. At the head of their beds there was a card, on which their names, date of entrance, and the nature of their infirmities, were written, and a slate at the top, on which the assistant who went round with the doctor on his morning visits chalked the scale of dietary. The bullet in Wolff's knee was extracted with a forceps, and he and his companion, having the blessed privilege of youth, were getting on nicely. They had long chats. Wolff gave Boute-en-train a deal of information about the country from which he came, and awoke his mind to the surprise



"THE BABES IN THE WOOD," WHISPERED THE CANTINIÈRE.

that men were pretty much the same in Germany as in France, and were moved by similar feelings. The family and the flag were as potent spell-words by the Spree as by the Seine. He belonged to the 53rd regiment, of which von Gorstein-Hohenstein was colonel. He was a very brave officer, knew not fear, the dear old colonel; a horse was shot under him as he paced in front of the regiment the other day, as coolly as if he were on a parade.

"Was he hurt?" asked Leloup anxiously.

"No; bruised slightly by the fall, but he escaped from under the horse."

The 53rd, which was incomparably the finest regiment in the German army, was in the corps commanded by von Zastrow, and was recruited from the district of Wesel, which was a strong fortress on the north-west frontier of Prussia, where the Lippe flows into the Rhine. It did a big trade with the Dutch. The French had been there in the beginning of the century.

"Oh, then," said Leloup, "it is true what our Emperor said in his proclamation to the army, 'that whatever the road might be that we took beyond our frontiers, we should come across the glorious tracks of our fathers.'"

IN THE HOSPITAL.

"You will find their tracks in Wesel, but not all of them are glorious. Prussian officers who were engaged in a patriotic fight were shot there by them in 1809."

And then Wolff had to recount the story of Schill's revolt, which enkindled the smouldering fire of freedom, and led to the war which ultimately liberated Prussia from the thralldom of the foreigner. There was truth in the young German's accents; there was fire in his gaze, and a glowing spot on his cheeks as he spoke of Schill. All this was new to Boute-en-train, and gave him food for reflection.

"There used to be a Fort Napoleon

opposite to Wesel, on the other side of the Rhine," he continued.

"Ha! There was glory for us," said Leloup.

"We call it Fort Blucher now," said the German quietly.

"Its great name shall be restored soon."

"Perhaps, but I am not so sure. Napoleon was a great man, but I do not think he was a good man."

"Greatness is goodness," said Boute-en-train. "What do I say? Greatness is better than goodness, but you cannot be expected to agree with me about Napoleon. We shall see Wesel."

"Very probably," assented Wolff, "and I can promise you, if you are interned there, you will be well treated, for my uncle has a post in the fortress."

But it is weary waiting in a hospital, and Boute-en-train who, had a naturally excellent appetite, began to feel the gnawings of hunger. He was a shrewd lad, and by watchful comparison soon picked up the meaning of the chalk

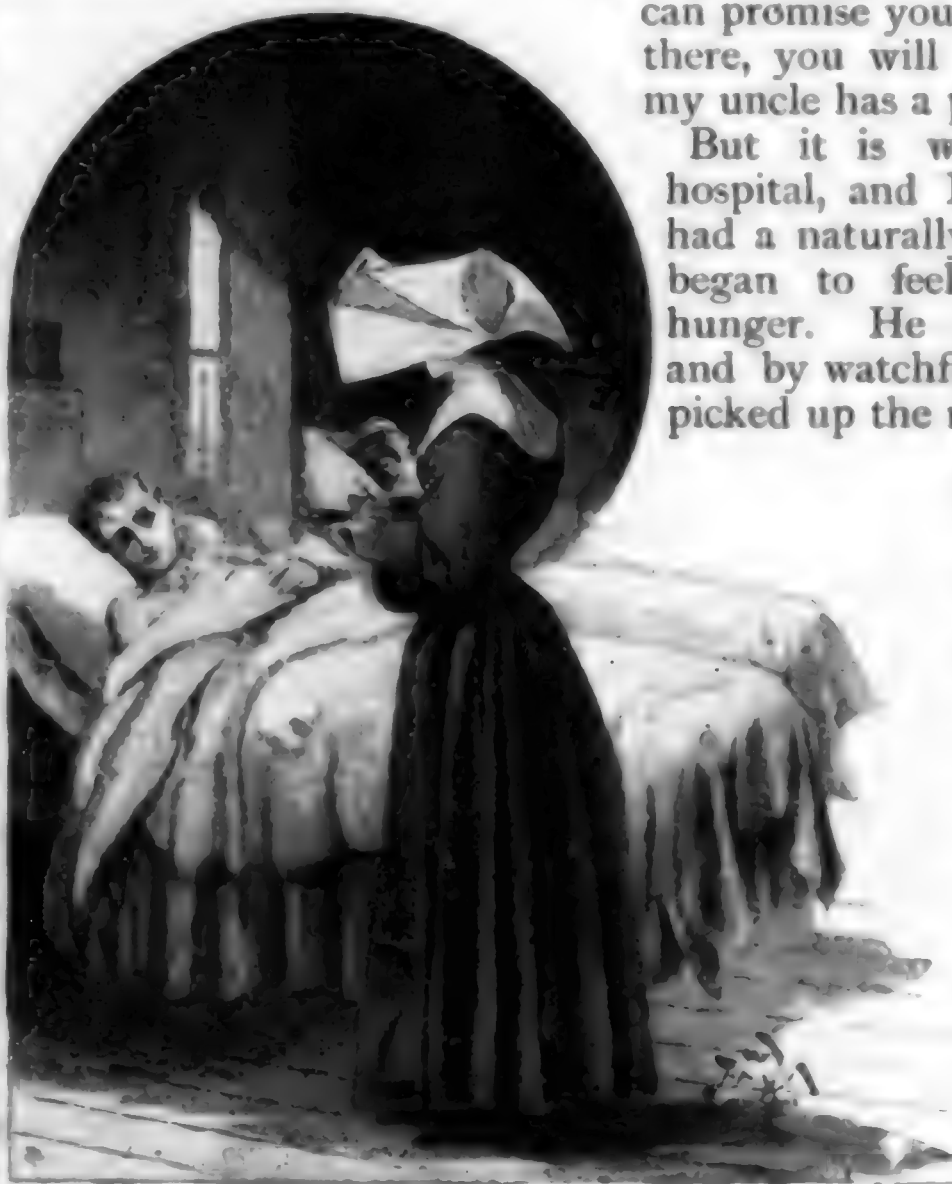
hieroglyphics. This mark was half-diet, that three-quarters, another full. Wolff noticed him making imaginary signs in the air, with his fingers, and asked him what was he doing.

"Practising. Keep dark. You'll soon know."

After the doctor's tour next morning, Boute-en-train whispered gleefully

that he had found a bit of chalk on the floor. A giggle of suppressed enjoyment ran through the ward. It was curious that Boute-en-train and his chums were on full diet afterwards.

Mère Crimée called on them after several days, with flowers and fruit. She had caught Marengo, the truant; he was all right. The regiment had some awful marching, to a position on the western side of Metz. General Decaen, who had been wounded with them, was dead. The Emperor had gone away. There had been two fierce fights—the 81st was engaged in both—had won great honour, but had been badly cut up. In the first, at Gravelotte,



Bazaine and his staff were almost surrounded by Prussian hussars, and had to draw their swords. The entire army was now in camp, under the walls of Metz, and she would be able to visit them oftener. The men of his company, those who were left, sent their love to Boute-en-train, and hoped he would soon be with them again.

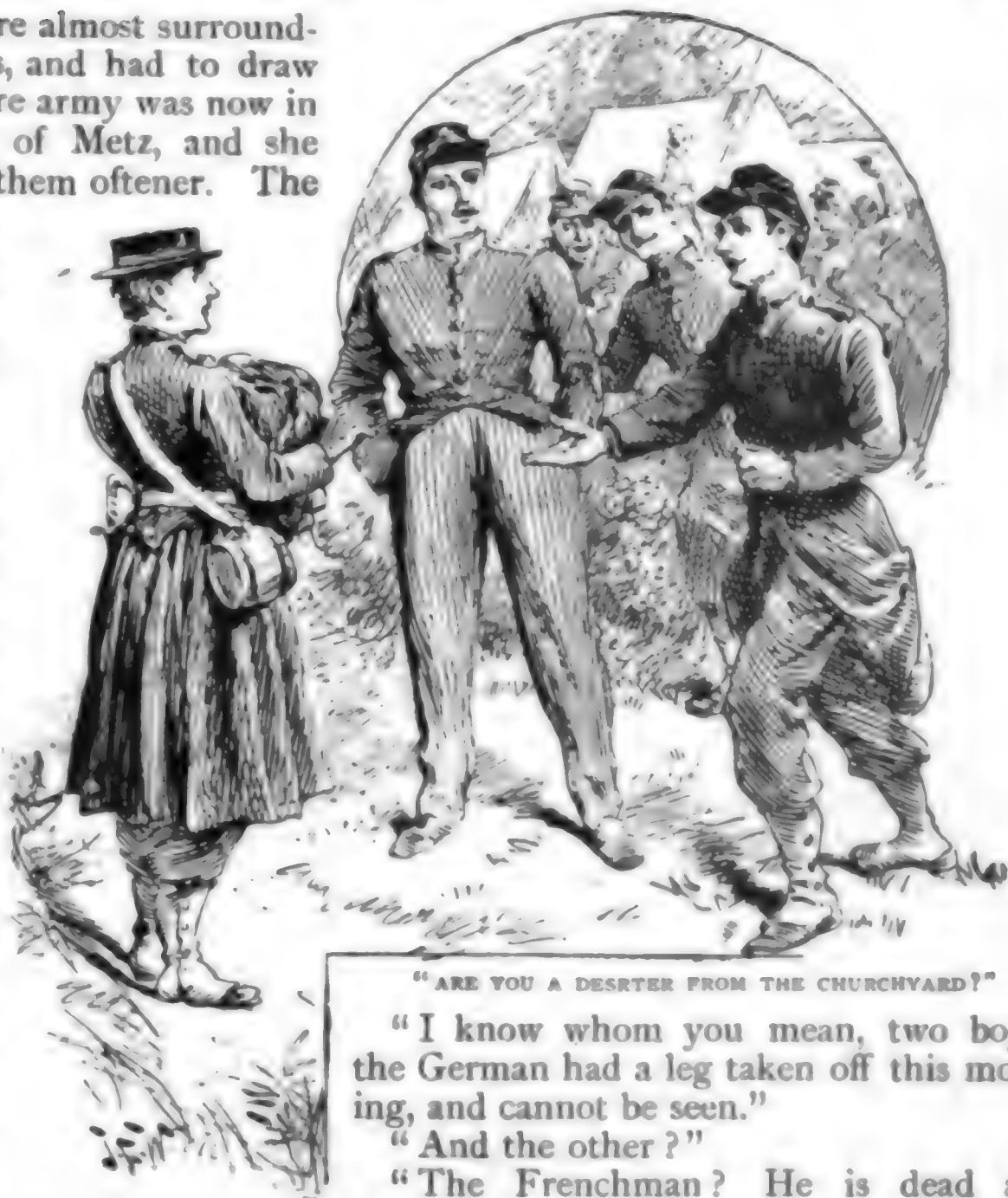
Naturally, the young soldier was impatient to stand beside his friends, who were active in the great drama, while he was in the depressing confinement of a hospital, daily becoming more crowded. A low fever had supervened on his wound, but now he felt strong enough to go out. Still, the doctors would not permit it. Mère Crimée called again on the 25th August, having heard that they were to make an advance on the enemy next day. Boute-en-train

was on the tenter-hooks, and bit his nails with vexation. Not till the 28th did he learn that nothing had been done; the troops had marched out to Fort St. Julien, and had marched back in the evening, and now the rain was falling in torrents, and put a stop to operations. There were symptoms of gangrene in some cases, and peremptory orders were issued that the ward should be cleared. Wolff, and a few whose wounds had taken an evil turn, were carried to one portion of the building, and Boute-en-train and others were told to make the best of their way with their belongings into separate quarters. In the hurly-burly of change, the card inscribed Jean Leloup was placed over the bed assigned to one Jean Lalanne, in the new billet.

Mère Crimée called next day, and was proceeding to the old ward, when she was stopped.

"There's nobody there," said an attendant, "they are divided, some into that ward at the end, and some to No. 16, upstairs."

"Can you give me any information as to two——"



"ARE YOU A DESERTER FROM THE CHURCHYARD?"

"I know whom you mean, two boys; the German had a leg taken off this morning, and cannot be seen."

"And the other?"

"The Frenchman? He is dead and buried."

"*Mon Dieu!* Dead and buried, my boy, never. He was on the recovery last time I was here. Surely you are mistaken?"

"No. Jean Leloup was his name. Went off all of a sudden. Nothing more common here. Yes, monsieur, I shall be with you presently. I must leave you—busy now, but I'll give you any little thing he left if you'll call another day."

Mère Crimée, hardened as she was, and tried in the school of suffering, was shaken to her depths. She leant against the wall and put her hand over her heart. This was a stunning blow. She could not realize it. Boute-en-train gone. And she could not even lay the flowers she had brought him on his grave, for in those critical days she knew the corpses of the obscure tithe of war were tumbled coffinless into the huddled oblivion of a common pit. She left her bouquet on the sill of a window in the hospital, and sadly retraced her steps to camp, buying some vegetables as if by instinct of trade off a stall on the way. As she neared the lines of the 81st the rain cleared off, and the sun came out, resplendent as a

goddess from her bath. The gaiety of the Gaul asserted itself. A group of soldiers were dancing a can-can, a number of Parisians and a provincial, who hopped about like an amiable bear led into the paths of prankishness by a band of mischievous goats, the while a crowd of admiring comrades looked on. As the cantinière was recognised, a momentary confusion might have been observed, but the uproarious hilarity was at once renewed. The dance ended with a great outbreak of laughter as she came up, and the cry was raised—

"What news, mother?"

"The worst. Our brave big-hearted boy, Boute-en-train, the best shot, the merriest fellow, and the staunchest comrade in the regiment, is no more. My heart is broken, I do not care to live, I have nothing to live for. I intended to leave him all I had when I shut up shop."

"Can't you let me have a bit on account now, mother?" rose in a familiar voice.

"Jean Leloup, are you a deserter from a churchyard?"

"No; but I would have been, if I had not deserted from a hospital."

"You are a wretch, the meanest rascal in the 81st, the wickedest practical joker that ever wore a uniform."

"Are you sorry I am alive, Mère, are you really vexed?"

"Sorry, vexed?" But, the woman in Mère Crimée got the better of the cantinière, and she burst into a happy flood of tears, as she rushed forward, and began beating him round the shoulders with a head of cabbage.

Amid the vocal fusillade of delight from the pious-pious, another actor appeared on the stage, heralding his entry with a triumphant bray. It was Marengo, who kicked up his heels with the rest, and snapped the cabbage and made off with it, without listening to the praises bestowed on his version of the can-can.



A
DESERTER.



The vicar of All Saint's, Rockhampton, sat in his leather chair and fidgeted. The organist, pale and silent, stood before him, as before his judge. The vicar coughed nervously, he had rather the man had stormed and vindicated himself; then he could have been angry, too, and his task would have been an easier one; as it was, he found it exceedingly difficult to speak at all the words which, nevertheless, had to be spoken. "And so, Mr. Shirley, the churchwardens and I have come to the conclusion—in justice to ourselves, and in kindness to you, who have served us faithfully so many years—fifteen, is it not?"

"Sixteen," corrected the organist, in a low voice.

"Ah, yes, of course, sixteen—well, Mr. Shirley, we think it best that you should leave us quietly—quietly, you understand, without scandal—oh, yes, certainly, without scandal. Ahem! you see, so many noticed it—and the service of the church, you understand—yes, yes. We will give you testimonials—the highest, of course. In another place, and amid new surroundings we hope—yes, yes, I understand. 'What is it of which we accuse you?' Oh, *please* don't say that, Mr. Shirley; *accuse*—oh, no; much too harsh—but the anthem last night—dear, dear me, you must know, really now, I cannot . . ."

"Am I to understand, then, that you and others—consider that I was"—he paused,

then proceeded firmly—"intoxicated last night, and that the unfortunate catastrophe which I . . . which took place, was owing to that?"

"Well, really, Mr. Shirley, if you choose to put it in that, ahem! brutal way—the words are yours, you remember, not mine—what else are we to think? The services of the church you know—really a *most* painful position for all of us, Mr. Shirley, but we will hope that in a new sphere of action, and amid fresh surroundings that, yes, yes, you remember the words of the poet, no doubt:—'A man may rise on stepping stones of his own self . . .' yes, yes."

"I suppose Cogan will succeed me?"

"Well, I expect so; you have, you see, trained him so well; he is your second self



HE PAUSED AS HE PASSED THROUGH THE GATE.

—yes, yes, your second self, and he can take young Brown under him—he will make a pretty player with time and practice—a very pretty player—for the daily services and so on."

"No one saw me last night, I think?"

"I—I believe not, probably—no; no one saw you pass the vestry; but there, there, why recur to this painful subject, this extremely painful topic."

"You wish me to give up my office to-day, I suppose?"

"Well, er—really now, Mr. Shirley—no hurry you know. Oh, no hurry."

"I understand—you do not wish me to play in the church again—not once," he added with a sigh.

"I put it to you, Mr. Shirley, as, er—man to man; we do not wish to press hardly upon you—who among us is free from blame?—but perhaps—"

"Yes, yes, I see; I will hand Cogan the keys before evensong."

"Thank you, *thank* you, Mr. Shirley, I was sure you would see the matter in a reasonable light; and er—Mr. Shirley—the churchwardens—they did wait to see you—less painful, you know, to all of us—and I think that, under the circumstances, you will see your way to accept this—this cheque in lieu, in place, you understand, of the customary notice, ahem!"

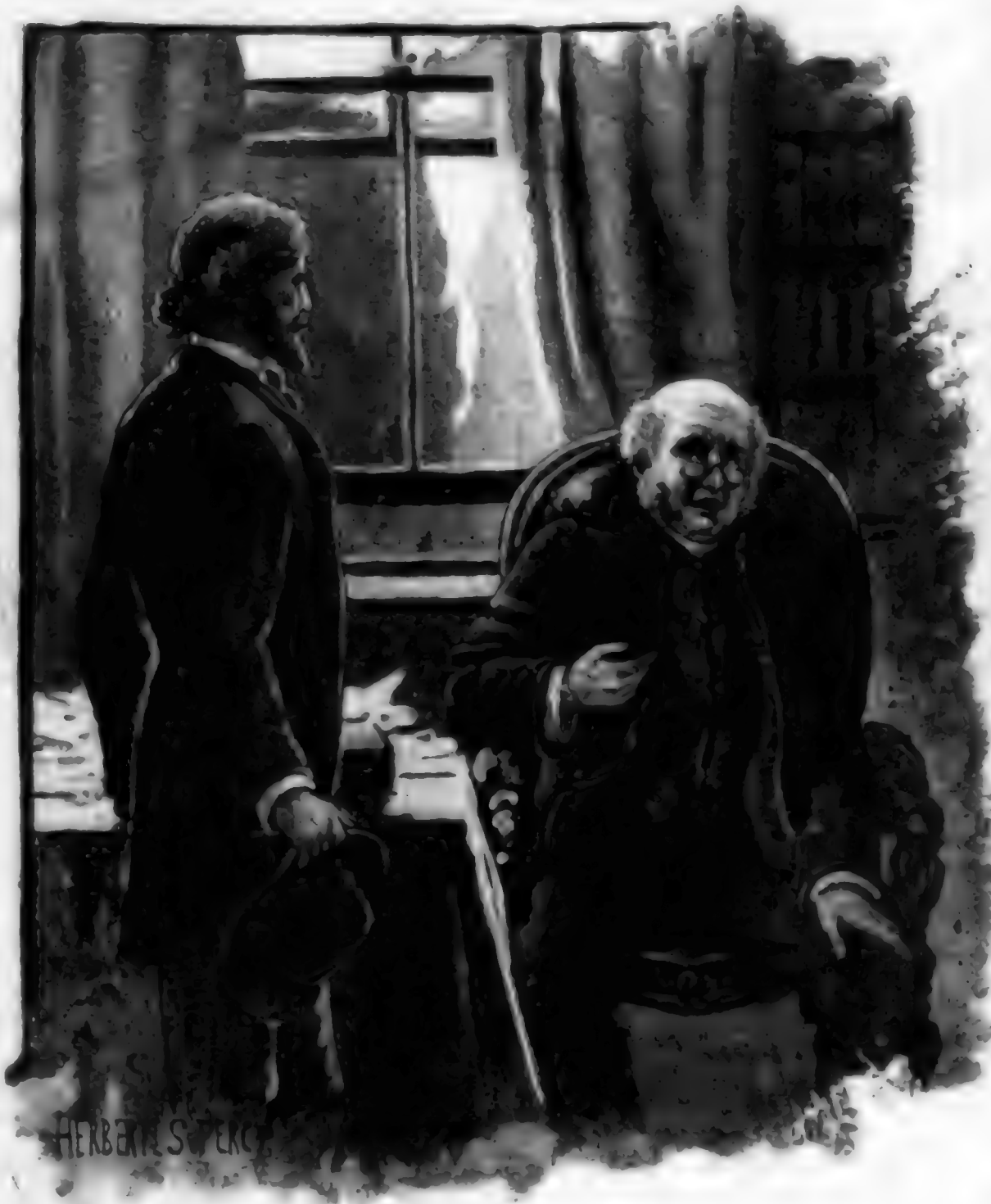
A faint colour steals into the organist's cheek.

"No, thank you, sir," he says, gently pushing the money back, "the accusation you have brought against me is a terrible one, and you and others honestly believe me guilty. I could not take the cheque. I do not wish to be paid for work which I shall not be here to perform. Good-bye, sir, and thank you; you are a good man and a merciful." He did not add that had the good vicar's mind been cast in a little

stronger mould, he would have laid the whole story before him, and asked his judgment and advice—as it was, his strong spirit quailed from the thought of laying itself bare before the weak one; the future might be trammelled and rendered insecure; he wished it to be free to work out its own redemption, and preferred to judge for himself.

He left the house with slow steps, and

paused as he passed through the gate, to look around him at the brilliant, if dying, loveliness of the autumn day; the level rays of the sun threw up into bold relief and new beauty every tree and flower; he glanced up the long, narrow street—how quiet it was—how dull it looked—for all the visitors were gone from the smart, white villas on the shore—the Parade was deserted, the place settling down into its long winter sleep. How he had hated it when he first came—but afterwards, when health had come to him—and peace—he



"I PUT IT TO YOU AS—ER—MAN TO MAN."

had learned to love the little place, and now he had to go; he made no moan, no outcry about it; when the vicar had sent for him that morning—as soon as he could understand his meaning—unravel it from the tangled coil of agitated words in which it was wrapped—his mind was made up; his duty stood out clear before him, and he was not one to swerve from his duty. He must shoulder the burden of his life once more—of late, it had grown so light that he had carried it almost unthinkingly—as he woke now, to find out with a start. Coglan! yes he must see Coglan—the boy of whom he had been so proud, whose promise was so bright; he would send for him to his own rooms, and see him quietly—speak a few strong words—help him and encourage him, and then leave him to God and to himself—he would have done all that man could do.

“Eric, you have heard!”

“Yes sir.” The young man bows his head and speaks so low the other can hardly hear him.

“Eric! only you and I know how it is; they think it was I who played in church last night; they don’t know, how should they—how badly my head ached, and how wearisome the teaching had been, and how, finally, I found myself totally unable from physical pain to take the organ, and how I sent to you at the last moment.

They don’t know this, I say, and for my part, I don’t mean that they ever shall. Nay, my lad,—hear me out—I do not

wish and could not, if I would, to palliate your sin—for a grievous sin it was, Eric—in any way, I speak in a purely personal sense. Come, let us consider the matter from a business point of view; I have my years of work and experience to call to my aid—you have no past, only—and he laid his hand upon the young man’s shoulder, and spoke solemnly—a *future*. I am not poor—you are—at least I think so—and have others dependent upon you.” The other nodded assent. “The matter will soon be forgotten here, or if it be not”—with a smile—“Rockhampton is not the world. You have not, perhaps, had quite enough to occupy you of late—but that will change now, I hope, as I shall, of course, recommend you to my pupils; and, perhaps, Eric, you have drifted into companionships which Break with these, Eric; rouse your manhood into strength; forget the past, or rather ask God to blot it out, as He can and will do”

“Is it to be so, Eric?”

“Oh, sir, can you do this thing—*can* you forgive me?”

“My lad, do not ask *my* forgiveness; who am I that I should remit the

offences of my fellow men?—such sacrifice as I make—and it *is* a sacrifice to leave the place, and the work I have learned to love—the church to whose services I have ministered so long—this sacrifice, I say, and that of allowing this cloud to remain on my name without an effort to remove it, are not made as before men—it is to God they are offered. None knows of this



BACK AGAIN IN THE OLD CHURCH

secret between us, and from my lips none ever shall know it—but Eric—let your repentance be a sincere and productive one—an easy one, my poor boy, it cannot be—but no words of mine are needed, are they? The days we have spent together have been pleasant days; and when we meet again, may it be as two strong men who have made the best of the lives which God has entrusted to them.

May they meet with open hearts and clear souls, and without a shadow between them. Good bye, Eric — there is no need of more words upon this subject or further talk at all—let it die.”

• • • • •

Five years, their times and opportunities and “every morning’s noble chances,” have rolled away, and once more David Shirley finds himself back in the old church; should you know him again? I think so; his face is graver and perhaps not so mobile as of yore—but the grey eyes

are as steadfast and bright as ever, the whole bearing full of strength and power. He is a famous man now—his progress has been a rapid and steady one. One of the mightiest, and, shall I say, most *human* of our cathedral organs owns his sway—responds to his delicate and

powerful touch. He makes himself known to no one, but seeks the old church—it is always open, and the air is sweet and cool within, after the hot sunshine outside. An hour passes and he hardly stirs—then, soft at first, hardly to be heard at all, the organ speaks—tremulous almost are the notes—then they fall into a soft pleading strain—then, suddenly, with a sharp change, they break into a wild clashing of sounds which

culminate in an almost human cry of agony. Then all is silent—and the old church seems suddenly to grow darker and graver, as if in sympathy with the mournful silence—but anon the soft pleading begins anew—the touch grows firmer—the melody flows on—stop after stop is added, until a vast rushing volume of sound fills the church with a song of thanksgiving and praise—but, mark well—the *triumphant* note is absent. David listens as in a dream—entranced. “It

is Eric,” he says to his own heart. “It is Eric; and after toil and tribulation—dark memories and temptations, he has—conquered. He has seen me, and has followed to tell me the story of these five years, as no words could have done—the boy has *conquered*.”



AFTER TOIL AND TRIBULATION.

PENSIVE MAGGIE.

WORDS BY S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

MUSIC BY JOHN DENHAM.

Moderato.
8va.....

PIANO. *mf*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Mag-gie sits pen-sive be-fore the old glass,

8va.....

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Dress'd in her grand-mam-ma's gown, Gai-ly deck'd out like an old-time lass,

Rea-dy to vi-sit the town:..... The frills and lace of a by-gone age, And the

rall.

hat so mon - strous large,..... Sug - gest a tale from chi - val - ry's page Of

tempo.

gal - lants with spear and targe..... Though fash - ions change and time swift flies.

col canto. *p*

rall.

Fic - kle as phantom fame ;..... "Though men may come and men may go," Hearts

col canto.

ev - er beat the same.

8va.....

mf

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Sua.....

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Gay-heart-ed Mag-gie, hums soft - ly a tune, Lin - ger-ing by the old press, A

quaint lit - tle song of ro - ses and June, O'er grandmam-ma's wedding dress!... Though

she is dream-ing of days long gone, The pre-sent sly claims its part,..... And

f *rall.*

love that is true and love that is one, Is the song that thrills her heart!...

col canto.

tempo.

Though fash-ions change and time swift flies, Love is the grand-est aim;..... Old

p

cres.

love that's true..... is ev - er new, Old love that's true is ev - er new, Old

cres.

rall.

love that's true is ev - er new, And hearts beat still..... the same!

col canto.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

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